The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The April Bookman will be a Spring Double Number and a H. G. Wells Number in one, and will contain a fully-illustrated article on "H. G. Wells: The Man and His Work," by Thomas Seccombe. In addition to the usual features, and to special articles and reviews, it will include a large illustrated Supplement dealing with the new books of this Season.

Mr. H. G. Wells has collected a new volume of his miscellaneous essays under the title of "An Englishman Looks at the World," which Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

Everybody who cares for what is finest in modern literature will welcome "Poetry and the Renascence of Wonder," by Theodore Watts-Dunton, which Mr. Herbert Jenkins is publishing this month. Critics and students of his work have for long past been appealing to Mr. Watts-Dunton to reissue these two masterly studies in book form, and we are glad that he has at length acceded to their request.

Mr. Lindsay Bashford, whose new novel, "Splendrum," was published last month by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, has been literary editor of the *Daily Mail* since 1906. He was for some time Lecturer on English Literature at the University of Bordeaux, and his last year's book, "Everybody's Boy," was a deeply interesting and suggestive study of public school education. In "Splendrum" he tells a powerful dramatic story of a strife between the differing ideals of a father and son. It is essentially a story of to-day, touching on the labour problem and other of the most prominent social and political movements of the hour; its shrewd characterisation, the tragic doom of the father, the mighty man of business, and the subtle atmosphere of romance that envelops it all, make "Splendrum" one of the most brilliant and attractive novels the new year has brought us.

We would direct the attention of those who are interested in our Prize Competitions to an announcement in our advertisement columns of Prizes offered for Temperance Songs and Hymns. The existing songs and hymns of this kind are, on the

whole, a deplorable lot, and we sympathise with the Temperance Association that is making this laudable attempt to obtain something better.

Mr. John Murray is publishing "The Historical Record of the Imperial Visit to India in 1911–12." It has been compiled from official sources, and is illustrated with numerous photogravure plates and coloured and other pictures.

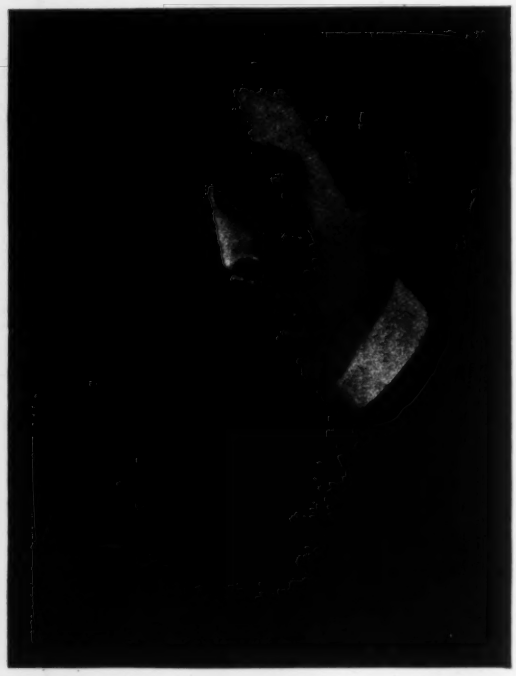

Photo by Florence Vandamm. **Mr. I. Zangwill,**
whose new book, "The Melting Pot" (Heinemann) is reviewed on page 315.

In "The Pursuit of Spring," which Messrs. Nelson & Sons are publishing, Mr. Edward Thomas has written the record of a March and April pilgrimage from London to the Quantocks. The book will be illustrated with six drawings by Mr. Ernest Hazlehurst.

Miss Laurence Morton is engaged on a book about the south of Cornwall, her purpose being to reveal the odd nooks and corners of that delightful district and take the reader into picturesque and interesting byways that the guide-book invariably ignores. Miss Morton's first book, "Sanctuary," was published by Messrs. Jarrold last year and met with a very favourable reception.

A second series of "The Lord Advocates of Scotland," by Mr. George W. T. Ormond, will be published this month by Mr. Andrew Melrose. It is over twenty years since the first series made its appearance.

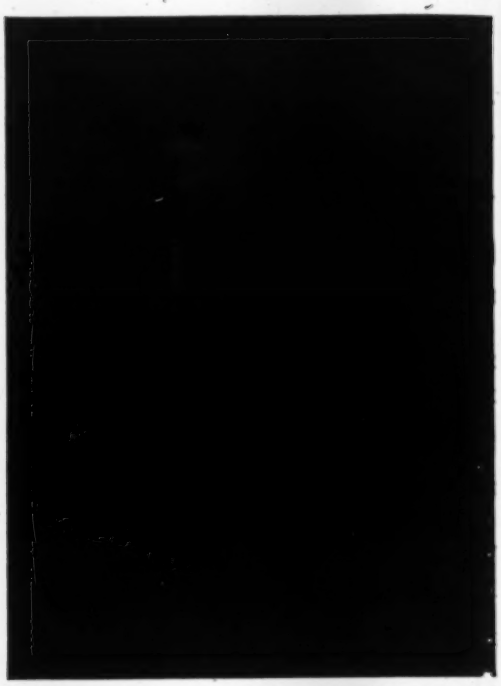

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Dixon Scott,**
the brilliant young critic, whose book of essays, "The Innocence of Bernard Shaw," will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Under the able editorship of Mr. B. W. Matz, "The Dickensian," the organ of the Dickens Fellowship, continues to maintain its freshness and interest. The ninth volume is before us, and when one remembers how much has been written about Dickens, and that this magazine has been making him its exclusive subject for the last nine years, it is

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. H. E. Morgan,**
whose striking book on "The Dignity of Business" has just been published by Messrs. Ewart, Seymour. Mr. Morgan is the leading spirit of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, and is President of the Sphinx Club.

Mr. Jack London,
whose new novel, "The Valley of the Moon" (Mills & Boon), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

surprising how much new and interesting material has remained to be gathered up into this latest volume. There is a monthly list of new editions of Dickens, and of new books published about him, and a diary of meetings held each month of which he is the subject. The editor's notes and criticisms are another admirable feature, and, dipping in at random, one finds articles on "Dickens and Ainsworth," "Alfred Austin and Dickens," "Edgar Allen Poe on Barnaby Rudge," "Dickens Relics in New York," "In France with Dickens," "Where was Little Bethel?"—articles and letters on various aspects of Dickens's work and life, and on the new discoveries of fact concerning him or his characters that are still being made. The magazine is a perfect mine of quaint, out-of-the-way, helpful information, and a continuous criticism of, and enquiry into, Dickensian lore that no lover of the Master can afford to be without.

Mr. W. L. George,
whose new book, "The Making of an Englishman" (Constable), is reviewed elsewhere in this Number.

Photo by U.S.A. Studios. **Mrs. Alice Perrin,**
whose brilliant novel of Indian life, "The Happy Hunting Ground," is reviewed on page 328.

Mr. Henry Baerlein, whose life of Abu'l Ala, the Syrian, has just been added to Mr. Murray's "Wisdom of the East" series, has written a novel in the ironical vein, "London Circus," and Mr. Fifield is publishing it immediately.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish this month a new and important biography by Clare Jerrold, entitled "The Story of Dorothy Jordan." From her birth to her death mystery surrounded the life of this renowned actress, who was for twenty years the mistress of the Duke of Clarence (William IV.). Mrs. Jerrold has had access to interesting letters and private papers, and shows Mrs. Jordan as the centre of a large family group, both paternal and maternal; solves the doubts concerning her parents' marriage, also the time and place of her birth; details the terms upon which she lived with Clarence, and shows the reason for their separation, the true

story of the calamities which fell upon her one after the other, and why she was so tragically exiled to France; gives documentary evidence as to her death, a point of dispute with her previous biographers, and includes some hitherto unpublished illustrations.

We congratulate Mr. Dent on his new venture, "The Wayfarers' Library." The first twelve volumes—a varied and excellent selection—reach us too late for detailed notice in this issue, but we hope to give them adequate attention next month.

"London Survivals," a new book by Mr. P. H. Ditchfield, will be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen, illustrated with over a hundred drawings by Mr. Wratten, the artist and architect who, with his partner, Mr. Godfrey, removed Crosby Hall from Bishopsgate Street and re-erected it at Chelsea. This book completes the hundredth volume written or edited by Mr. Ditchfield, who has himself contributed several volumes to the admirable "Memorials of the Counties of England" series, of which he is the general editor.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mrs. Baillie Reynolds,**

whose delightful volume of short stories, "The Relations," was published last month by Messrs. Mills & Boon.

In his new novel, "When Ghost Meets Ghost" (Heinemann), Mr. William De Morgan reverts to his earlier, happier manner. The story is largely of London life, and in length exceeds any other book he has written. It makes well over 400,000 words, and we hear tragic things of reviewers who have attempted to deal with it as an average novel and read it at a sitting. Mr. De Morgan is not amenable to such treatment, and our own reviewer has had to suspend his judgment for another month, so that he may have time to get through with his reading conscientiously.

Mr. T. R. Evans,

the Welsh poet, whose prose play, "Barn y Brodyr" (The Voice of the Brethren), presented by Mr. Rathmell Wilson for The Drama Society, was acted in Welsh at the Rehearsal Theatre last month.

"An Absent Hero," a new novel by Mrs. Fred Reynolds, will be published shortly by Messrs. Mills and Boon. The hero, as the title suggests, makes no appearance in the story, but the reader becomes intimately acquainted with him through the sidelights cast on his personality by the doings and conversations of the other characters.

Mr. Munson Havens,

whose new novel, "Old Valentines," Messrs. Constable are publishing shortly.

We published last month, illustrating our review of Mr. Arthur Grant's "In the Old Paths" (Constable), a drawing by Mr. E. H. New of Coleridge's Birthplace. It might well have illustrated that volume, which deals with the homes and haunts of our English poets and men of letters, but as a fact it is the frontispiece from Professor Knight's "Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country," published by Mr. Elkin Mathews. Both books were printed by Mr. Brendon, of Plymouth, and, in response to our application, Mr. Brendon, who is now very penitent, sent us this block in error as one out of "In the Old Paths." It is a unique drawing that Mr. Elkin Mathews secured by a rather happy accident. Whilst "Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country" was being written for him he discovered by chance that a neighbour of his at Chorley Wood, Mrs. H. Goldie Wilson, was born in the room that had been Coleridge's birthplace. Her father had been the chaplain-priest of Ottery St. Mary, and she happened to have a rough sketch that he had made of the vicarage, and it was from this that Mr. New produced a finished drawing in his own characteristic manner. The end of the vicarage shown in this drawing was pulled down some time ago, and the rough sketch of it by Mrs. Wilson's father was the only existing record of the house as it as it used to be when Coleridge knew it.

Photo by Stuart. **Miss Ella MacMahon,**
whose new novel, "The Job," Messrs. Nisbet are publishing.

"The Way of the Strong," a new novel by Mr. Ridgwell Cullum will be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall early this month.

Miss C. Fox-Smith, whose striking volume of Chanties, "Songs in Sail," (Elkin Mathews), were reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN, is the daughter of the late Richard Smith, a well-known barrister, of Manchester. She has published four other volumes, including "Songs of Britain," "The Foremost Trail," and "Lancashire Hunting Songs," and has completed a new novel, "The City of Hope," which Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson have just published.

Photo by D. R. Jones, Manchester. **Miss Cicely Fox-Smith.**

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons are publishing "The Life of Matthew Prior," by Mr. Francis Bickley. Prior was a brilliant and attractive personality, as well as a charming writer of light verse, and a study of him and his work at the hands of Mr. Bickley is a book we look forward to with interest.

Miss L. M. Montgomery,
whose new novel, "The Golden Road," Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

Lord Redesdale has translated Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain's brilliant study "Immanuel Kant," and the book is to be published this month by Mr. John Lane.

Mr. Werner Laurie is publishing a new collection of essays, "The Highways to Happiness," by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne.

"The Crimson Mascot," a romance by Mr. Charles E. Pearce, will be published next week by Mr. Stanley Paul.

The portrait of Mr. Masefield on our cover is from a drawing by Ginsbury, which belongs to Mr. N. de Grey, who has kindly given us permission to reproduce it.

Our thanks are due also to Mr. William Strang for permitting us to reproduce his painting of "John Masefield: The Discoverer"; and to Mr. Elkin Mathews and Messrs. Nelson, Mr. Heinemann, Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Messrs. Mills & Boon, Messrs. Constable, Messrs. Nisbet, and Messrs. Cassell for assistance with the other illustrations in this number. Except for the "Salt Water Ballads," published by Mr. Grant Richards in 1902, Mr. Elkin Mathews was Mr. Masefield's earliest publisher. He has issued his "Ballads," and "A Mainsail Haul" in various editions, and "The Fancy," by Keats's friend John Hamilton Reynolds, for which Mr. Masefield wrote a long prefatory Memoir. In 1902-3 he published a series of now rare broadsheets, to which Mr. Masefield contributed several ballads, illustrated by Mr. Jack B. Yeats, three of whose illustrations we reproduce with Mr. Mathews' permission.

Mr. Sax Rhomer,
author of "The Sins of Séverac Bablon" (Cassell).

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

G. S. STREET.

THE emoluments of letters are notoriously few. The national purse is made of a tough, unstretchable material, and is, strange to say, depleted not so much in recognition of genuine merit as of public poverty. Still, there are one or two pleasant sinecures left like the laureateship, with its tierce of canary, now converted *O tempora! O mores!* into shining coin of the realm; and the censorship of plays, with, at least, an honorarium in proportion to the dignity. After all, it is rather irksome for a man who has breathed the ease and freedom of Mayfair to sit down for a certain number of hours a day, even in an office in St. James's Palace, and read other people's plays (which are generally trash), ever ready with a blue pencil poised as if to stab to the heart any offending passage that may shock or unnerve the insular prejudice. It is an intellectual helotage that not many men would have the courage to face, for he who sits there must necessarily wear the shirt of office, which, we know, continually frets. It must be painful sometimes for the censor to reflect in his off moments when business is not so brisk, that he too was once a playwright, and never can be one again, though he live to rival Shakespeare and Molière by virtue of his office or otherwise; for it is part of the programme of the official pantomime that the censor may not write plays any more than he may divulge the secrets of the inquisitorial chamber. We hope that Mr. Street will be kinder and more forbearing to his forsaken brethren of the quill and buskin than that notorious censor of a generation ago—the odious and contemptible Colman—who, though he wrote "profane and indecent" plays and verses, became so pious when he was appointed to the censorship, that words like "angel," "providence"—not "Provvy" remember—and "heaven," brought a blush to his cheek, and were condemned as indelicate.

One need have no such fears with Mr. Street. He will wield the rod of censorship as lightly and as gracefully as he wields the pen. It is significant to reflect that when the appointment was announced in the newspapers there was hardly a dissentient voice. It gave Fleet Street an opportunity to pay a sincere, if somewhat belated, compliment to one of our most distinguished critics and essayists, who is not only a

lineal literary descendant of "Elia" in his gentler and more intimate moods, but a modern "Elia," with a dash of "Max" and the traditions of Oxford and Piccadilly. Mr. Street is a much younger man than his photographs would lead one to suppose, but then the photographic libel—we know it well! It is responsible for our ideas of the poets who smile angelically from the frontispieces of bijou editions, without a wrinkle, without one lock the less, although we know that they too grow grey and wrinkled, if not old, like other mortals, but the photographs of celebrities, like their portraits, are among those comfortable illusions which we would rather cherish than face the cold reality! It may sound barbarous, but one grows weary of the beautiful Byron and the seraphic Shelley; of the bookish Keats and the Burns of Nasmyth. It is certainly pretty and poetic, but is it real? Would you not like to see Byron, by way of a change, when he had grown stout, and had shed the glory of his hair; the world-worn Shelley as we know him in his poems; the Keats of reality, instead of the Keats of romance; Burns driving the plough through the stubborn glebe, half-hidden in the Ayrshire mists? Vain regrets! We shall never know but one side of the picture.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. G. S. Street.**
Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Mr. Street—to come back to the subject—is not a poet, but that is surely no reason why the photographer should make him look ten years older than he really is. I expected to find a sage: I shook hands with Youth. It is difficult to realise that the author of "Ghosts of Piccadilly" was born in 1867, and was one of the literary gems that found a setting by that arch-discoverer of talent, W. E. Henley, in the pages of *The National Observer*. I have compared the censor to "Elia." It is a large compliment in these days, when the new school has set the fashion of artificiality; when writers of charm and distinction are afraid to be frank and intimate, lest they may be accused of revealing too much emotion. Wear the mask of indifference by all means, and you will be praised for a gentlemanly reserve; but if you drag your soul into the limelight you will be shouted down, politely, of course, in the comedy of manners. Lamb was not ashamed of his emotions; he spoke to us quite frankly about himself; he took us into the inner sanctuary which we know was a fountain of tears, and yet we doff our hats to the memory of "Elia." *Autres temps, autres mœurs!*

I am more interested in Mr. Street as a critic and a commentator than as a novelist. Frankly, his novels do not appeal to me as novels. As satires they are excellent. "The Trials of the Bantocks" is a mild chronicle of mild people who are too correct to be vitally interesting. Mrs. Bantock is one of those heavy comedians who are too busy preserving their dignity to afford either comment or amusement. "The Wise and the Wayward" left me wondering at the self-complacency and ineptitude of people who live in country houses at the rate of £10,000 a year. Perhaps I am tainted with a hopeless democracy, but, personally, I prefer a peck of real life to a bushelful of artificial comedy. But Mr. Street is merely an amused spectator. He does not take these people seriously. He is elsewhere in some dim Bohemia, where the mummers cannot pursue, conversing with the shades of Congreve and the older dramatists, looking from the wings at a more eager drama. Listen to this intimate confession; it is from one of his essays called "Backstairs":

> "On me the stage door, up some narrow alley for choice, the dim porter's lair, and the cramped staircase, never pall. I trust sincerely that, even if I am ever rich and famous, no actor will ever suggest coming to see *me*, or appoint his club or private house for a rendezvous. I can go to clubs or private houses any day; for me the stage door! You go up the narrow alley, curiously eyed—and *that's* a pleasure!—by sympathetic loafers; you push open the stage door—it opens to the palm like the doors of a stage!—the porter, or whatever the attendant there is called, sends up your card grudgingly, as one who guards the privacy of a great man; another man beckons mysteriously from above; you go up the narrow staircase, and follow him along a passage, where—who knows?—some charming lady in her "make-up" may frou-frou past you; a gentle tap—you are admitted to the sacred room. And let that room, I beg, always be a dressing-room. I love the grease-pots and the paint-pots. I love the looking-glasses and the litter. I love to see the actor change before my eyes, as we talk, and I shall never forget the pleasure I had, when one, gentlest and most amiable of mortals, turned suddenly and confronted me in a fierce Syrian beard, and eyebrows to match. Ah, the stage door, and behind the scenes! The mystery, the intimacy, the infinite suggestion! Gently, gently, my muse, we are men of letters."

The "gently, gently," does it. It is in essays like "Backstairs," "My Spectacles," and "The House of Commons," that he has caught to a marvel the spirit and atmosphere of Lamb, without the reproach either of imitiaton. Let him sit a little longer conversing with the spirit of "Elia." He is one of the few moderns who can respond to the slippered ease of Lamb, an art than cannot be acquired. The critical work of Mr. Street is informed with the same personal charm of his more intimate essays. He has prejudices, it is true,

but we are happily spared them in favour of his predilections. He calls us back from the narrow stage of dwarfs and pygmies to the spacious world of giants. Mr. Street, I fancy, is only externally a modern: at least, so I gather from his books. He has his heroes in Congreve, Fielding, Sterne, Trollope, Horace Walpole, Selwyn and Fox; Lady Sarah Lennox, and the "Great Duchess" are among the notables who pirouette about his pages. The satire of Creevy, who sucked scandal even from lilies, has a rich flavour; and there is Byron, the greatest of them all, whom he has visualised not only in "Ghosts of Piccadilly" in the most tender and sympathetic light; but the subject is a fruitful one, and he returns to it in other books. Indeed, his enthusiasm for Byron and the Byron tradition is only equalled by that of the most scholarly champion of the poet, Mr. R. E. Prothero. One recalls the famous passage in "Ghosts of Piccadilly," where he depicts the poet limping into his carriage, his beautiful, pale face, without the light which, as Walter Scott said, was a thing to dream of, when London had closed its doors on him, and Italy, that "Paradise of exiles," received him. Mr. Street has a picturesque eye for such episodes.

I had almost forgotten one of the most characteristic of Mr. Street's books. I mean "The Autobiography of a Boy," a satirical chronicle of the vagaries of a young man about town, just down from Oxford. It is very amusing, but I do not care for it so much as I care for some other things of Mr. Street's. It is ultra cynical—the sort of cynicism that was worn as a pose—but then again, that was the spirit of the "nineties," when Oscar Wilde led the fashion, and Whistler followed in his train. I prefer "Episodes." The wit is more sparkling; there is a note of experience in it that is lacking in the earlier book. There are other essayists, of course, with charm and individuality, but—will you forgive the pun?—they are not in the same Street!

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

March 1st to April 1st, 1914.

Messrs. George Allen & Co.

CARPENTER, EDWARD.—Intermediate Types among Primitive Folk. 4s. 6d. net.
KITCHIN, DARCY B.—Bergson for Beginners. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 5s. net.
MURRAY, PROF. GILBERT.—Andromache: An Original Play. New Revised Edition. Cloth, 2s. net; paper, 1s. net.
ST. MICHAEL, ELIZABETH.—Burnt Offerings: A Novel. 6s.
TOMPKINS, HERBERT W.—Autolycus in Arcady. 5s. net.
VARISCO, BERNARDINO.—Great Problems. (Library of Philosophy). Translated by Prof. R. C. Lodge. 15s. net.

Messrs. Appleton & Co.

CROW, MARTHA J.—Harriet Beecher Stowe. 5s. net.
DUNN, SAMUEL V.—The Government Ownership of Railways. 6s. net.
FOSTER, MAXIMILIAN.—The Whistling Man. 6s.
HOLLINGSWORTH, H. L.—Advertising and Selling. 6s. net.
MARTIN, ALFRED W.—The Life of Jesus in the Light of the Higher Criticism. 6s. net.
MEUMANN, E.—The Psychology of Learning. 7s. 6d. net.
MOZANS, H. J.—Woman in Science. 10s. 6d. net.
MUNSON, ARLEY, M.D.—Jungle Days. 10s. 6d. net.
MUNSTERBERG, MARGARETE.—Anna Borden's Career. 6s.
RAGNA, RT. REV. CANON EDMOND HUGHES DE.—The Vatican. 16s. net.
SEASHORE, EARL EMIL.—Psychology in Daily Life. 6s. net.
STERRETT, F. S.—The Jam Girl. 6s.
WICKWARE, FRANCES G. (Edited by).—The American Year Book for 1913. 15s. net.

Messrs. J. W. Arrowsmith & Sons.

FURNISS, HARRY (Illustrated by).—Our Lady Cinema. 1s. net.
GRAHAM, J. T.—The Land of the Lotus. Illustrated. 5s. net.

Mr. B. T. Batsford.

CANNAN, GILBERT.—Love. 2s. net.
COURTNEY, W. L.—The Meaning of Life. 2s. net.
DAVIES, W. H.—Nature. 2s. net.
FARJEON, ELEANOR.—Trees. 2s. net.
FOORD, J.—Flowers. 2s. net.
QUILLER-COUCH, A. T.—Poetry. 2s. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

EUCKEN, PROF. RUDOLF.—Can we still be Christians? Authorized Translation by Mrs. W. R. Boyce Gibson. 3s. 6d. net.
HOME, GORDON.—Winchester in "The Artist's Sketch Book" Series. 1s. net.
MORRIS, J. E.—The Peak Country in "The Beautiful Britain" Series. 1s. 6d. net.
REYNOLDS, J. B., B.A.—Junior Regional Geography of Asia. 1s. 4d.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

DANBY, FRANK.—Full Swing. 6s.
FILIPPI, ROSINA.—The Heart of Monica. 3s. 6d.
HEAPE, WALTER, M.A., F.R.S.—Preparation for Marriage ("Questions of Sex" Series). 2s. 6d. net.
NUTTALL, CLARKE.—Railway Wonders of the World. Vol. 2. 10s. 6d. net.
NUTTALL, CLARKE.—Wild Flowers As They Grow. Vol. 6. 5s. net.
OPPENHEIM, E. P.—The Amazing Partnership. 3s. 6d.
PEMBERTON, MAX.—War and The Woman. 6d.
SCHARLIEB, DR. MARY.—What it Means to Marry. ("Questions of Sex" Series). 2s. 6d. net.
STEVENSON, R. L.—Kidnapped. 1s. net.
THOMAS, H. H.—Rock Gardening for Amateurs. 6s. net.
TUPPER, SIR CHARLES.—Recollections of Sixty Years System of Surgery. Vol. 3. 16s. net and 21s. net.

Messrs. W. & R. Chambers.

DAVIDSON, REV. THOS. (Edited by).—Chambers's English Dictionary. Enlarged Edition, with Supplement containing 39 pages of additional Words and Phrases. Illustrated. Cloth, 12s. 6d.; Half-Morocco, 18s.
HITCHING, WILENA.—Baby Clothing on Healthful, Economical and Original Lines. With an Introduction by Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D. Illustrated with 26 Diagrams, 40 Photographs, and numerous Patterns. 140 pages. About 2s. 6d.
PATRICK, DAVID, LL.D. (Edited by).—Chambers's Concise Gazetteer of the World. New Edition, Revised to 1914. Cloth, 6s. net.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

CAMPBELL, REV. R. J.—The Story of the City Temple. 3s. 6d. net.
DICKENS, CHARLES.—Great Expectations. Universal Edition. 2s. 6d. net.
DICKENS, CHARLES.—Our Mutual Friend. Universal Edition. 2s. 6d. net.
GARDINER, GORDON.—The Reconnaissance. 6s.
GOTTO, BASIL.—A History of Sculpture. 7s. 6d. net.
HOWARD, KEBLE.—So The World Wags. 6s.
WARD, JAMES.—History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting. Vol. II. 7s. 6d. net.
WESTERMAN, PERCY.—The Log of a Snob. 6s.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

HAMILTON, COSMO.—Plain Brown. 6s.
NEWTE, HORACE W. C.—The Cuckoo Lamb. 6s.
PEARS, CHARLES (Written and Illustrated by).—From the Thames to the Netherlands. 6s. net.
RUSSELL, W. CLARK.—My Shipmate Louise. 6d.
SYRETT, NETTA.—Olivia Carew. 6d.
VIZETELLY, ERNEST A. (LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE).—My Days of Adventure. 7s. 6d. net.
ZOLA, EMILE.—Thérèse Raquin. 6d.

Messrs. T. & T. Clark.

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THE READER.

JOHN MASEFIELD: A TENTATIVE ANALYSIS.

By Francis Bickley.

ALTHOUGH all poetry is ultimately the expression of a personality, the literalness of the expression varies according to the poet's moral attitude towards his own temperament. A pagan and a puritan, for instance, may be equal sensualists by nature, but they will write of love in very different strains. The self-expression of one will be direct, while that of the other will be complicated by remorse. And while similar motives will drive dissimilar men in different directions, dissimilar motives will drive them in identical directions; thus, one man is urged to the praise of physical pleasure by the joy of life, another by disgust. Art, therefore, has more than one relation to the artist. It may be an ecstasy, an expiation, or an escape.

Accurately to appreciate the art of Mr. John Masefield, to realise what it implies as well as what, so far, it actually is, one must understand the poet's inner adjustment. For here, obviously, is a case in which the superficial characteristics of the work are no sufficient index to the nature of the man. Whatever has moved him to treat of situations not usually dealt with by poets, and to employ words and phrases hitherto—in recent years, at all events—excluded from the vocabulary of their art, it is clearly no innate coarseness. The impression left by his work as a whole is that it emanates from a mind of almost morbid refinement. One does not for a moment believe that Mr. Masefield loves his oaths and adulteries; that he rejoices, as Mr. Kipling might rejoice, in his foul-mouthed ruffians. He loathes them with a loathing which comes near fanaticism. Perhaps no poet since Shelley has had a stronger instinct for what is beautiful and fine, a more uncompromising hatred of the base. "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow in the Bye-Street" are the cries of a sensitive nature tortured by the world's ugliness.

Many men, who find life ugly and are also artists, turn from life altogether and shut themselves in the palaces of their own imaginations; but their art pays for their comfort by a loss of reality. It is Mr. Masefield's distinction to have the temperament which longs for escape, and to have resisted its promptings. John Davidson, in his finest poem, wrote of the poet as

> "A martyr for all mundane moods to tear."

To such a temperament as Mr. Masefield's, Davidson's phrase is specially applicable. The greatest poets, though aware of the uttermost evil, have a mastery of life and mood which gives them confidence, a divine assurance that they can build the world anew. Then there are those who accept defeat. Verlaine, for instance, has sung the ecstasy of surrender. He reacted from fleshliness to piety, and back again, but the mood whose turn had come for celebration was accepted with a whole heart; he revelled in remorse. Mr. Masefield has not the strength of the greatest, but he will neither turn from life nor let it master him. A moral quality, not any intellectual pride, urges him to the struggle. There is a good deal of the puritan in him; and more of that characteristic element of modern literature—the social conscience. Desiring spiritual beauty for mankind as well as for himself, he will not solace himself with sensuous beauty (which he also loves) in a world where he finds spiritual ugliness paramount; and although he cannot rise triumphant and give the world a new spiritual beauty untainted and untroubled by the vile, he does not relax the struggle even in the moment of creation.

This duality, this equal, swaying conflict between two instincts, makes his work extraordinarily interesting, beautiful and unsatisfactory. He is at once the loftiest and most imperfect of living poets. His early writings, though his least significant, are his most accomplished. In them he limited himself, in the main, to those things which appealed to his instinct for actual beauty. Verse and prose, lyric and yarn, are full of vivid hues and jewels and precious metals; while his own experience lends them actuality, so that they have the smell of salt and tar in them as well as the "colours and haunted mists of romance," and a pervasive desire for a less tangible beauty gives them something more than sensuous significance. Then that desire increased, and those lesser aims ceased to content him. "I will not apologise for having been young," he says in the preface to the new edition of "Ballads." The assertion is itself an apology. And writing of "A Mainsail Haul" in a letter to William Sharp (which, since it has been published, there can be no indiscretion in quoting) he says: 'The mood in which I wrote the tales you like has gone from me and I am afraid I shall be unable to write others of the

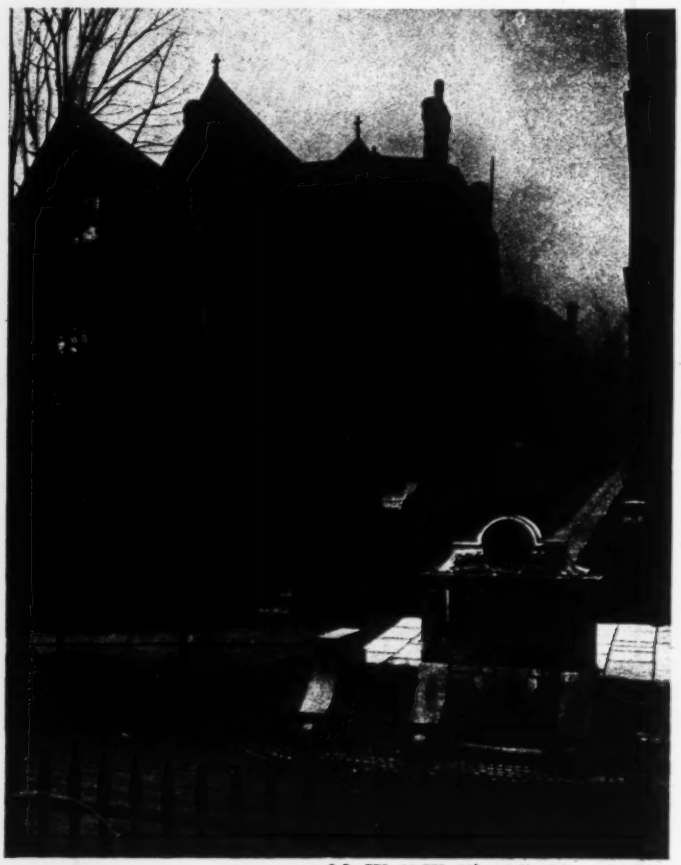
Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **John Masefield.**

same kind." In "Multitude and Solitude" he has told the story of a man who tires of art and seeks poignant reality among the victims of sleeping sickness. So the author, convinced of the futility of cultivating a little plot of loveliness when a whole world needs beautifying, has turned to the destruction of ugliness.

If beauty is to reign in the world, ugliness must first be destroyed; but it is a question whether the artist should have anything to do with the work of destruction. Should he not, rather, by creating pure beauty, inspire others to the task? An answer to this question would involve a discussion of the essentials of art, and of the relations of art to life and to the problems of its own time. Here it can only be empirically pointed out that the most cogent literature of the present day does contain an element of criticism. At a time when our ideas about life are in a state of reconstruction, it is absurd to seek a hard and fast definition of one of its functions. We cannot, with the help of a dogma, rule the work of Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw out of existence. If we premise that that work is not art, we shall have to admit that, whatever we call it, it is, for good or evil, more significant than any art which is at present being produced. Moreover, such books as those of Mr. Wells —one of the most creative imaginations of our day—or of Mr. Galsworthy—who is more than a little of a mystic—are far from being mere transcripts of contemporary fact. They are as truly informed by the ideal as any romantic poem.

The difference between these men and Mr. Masefield is that while they are working in their natural and perhaps their only possible media, he never seems, in his realistic work, to be quite at home. Almost everything he has yet done, except his early poems and stories, is tentative. That he has used most literary forms is in itself an indication of restlessness and dissatisfaction. The struggle between his instinct to shun ugliness and seek beauty, and his conviction that ugliness must be fought and not fled, has a distracting and disintegrating effect on all his work. Neither of these elements in his character will be ignored, but so long as they are at war with one another, his art can never have that power which only comes of confidence and certainty of direction. Mr. Masefield's recent work is the effect of his endeavour to reconcile his contending factions; to fuse them so that they become parts of one whole, as earth-laden root and sun-kissed blossom are parts of one whole.

No man living has a finer idealism than Mr. Masefield. However imperfect his achievement, he commands our reverence to a greater degree than many more powerful writers. Compare, for instance, "The Street of To-Day" with "The New Machiavelli"—a possible comparison, for both are passionately concerned with one of the most momentous of modern issues: the conflict, in men of the "social conscience" and feminist sympathies, between their ideals and things as they socially and sexually are. "The New Machiavelli" is magnificent; one of the two English works of this century, the other being "The Dynasts," which has that bigness of conception and design which belongs to the great epics of the world. "The Street of To-Day" is a failure. Yet Mr. Wells, in spite of his breadth of vision and constructive idealism, falls short, in some indescribable way, of the quality of uncompromising, unutilitarian fineness which compels respect for Mr. Masefield's faulty and sometimes irritating story.



13, Well Walk. Mr. Masefield's house at Hampstead.

But a work of art must compel more than respect. We may respect a religion in the teaching of which we do not believe, but it will nevertheless have failed for us as a religion. And a work of art will have failed if it has not convinced us of its truth. Most of Masefield's works — his more ambitious works—do not carry full conviction; neither "The Street of To-Day" nor "The Tragedy of Nan" nor "The Everlasting Mercy." "The Widow in the Bye-Street" is more successful. "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great" is different. In the first three of these, the effort, the struggle, is too obvious. Even their style is significant. That Mr. Masefield is still capable of the fresh and brilliant, if somewhat staccato, art of his earlier years is proven by many a passage; but he has grown careless of language: so that he will often use slipshod or cacophonous phrases, mean, inept or outworn words, redundancies for the sake of rhyme, and superfluous, insignificant similes; forgetting that literature, whether it be the "Nativity Ode" or the "Wraggle Taggle Gipsies," is as dependent on good writing as a picture on good painting. The short sentences, sometimes reduced to phrases and

even single words, undeniably create, especially in dialogue, an effect of actuality; but they seem to reflect a mind uncertain of its way, advancing step by step. We miss the sweep of broad and sure conception. The narrative poems, moreover, unrestrained by the necessary economies of drama, are weakened by their prolixity.

The quickening idea of all these books is Mr. Masefield's fierce desire for a finer, more spiritual, world. He tries, by fusing his love of beauty with his sense of ugly reality, to give a direction to life. But the fusion is imperfect. We feel ourselves violently jerked backwards and forwards between a life which has even less relation to beauty than that we know, and a lyrical beauty which has very little relation to life. "The Street of To-Day," after rising in the first part to a point of romantic loveliness, descends in the second to crude melodrama which does violence not only to art but to psychology. "The Everlasting Mercy" displays similar sharp antitheses. Even in "The Tragedy of Nan," though it is one of the most exquisite of modern plays and a powerful piece of characterisation, there is something external and artificial in Gaffer Pearce's talk of his "vlower," which is the more to be regretted in that the innate beauty of the play renders such accentuation unnecessary. This lack of unity gives the works in question an appearance of *pastiche*, which wrongs the sincerity underlying them.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **John Masefield.**

It is as though Mr. Masefield were attempting a task beyond his strength. These writings, especially "The Street of To-Day" and "The Everlasting Mercy," seem to show the strain of overtaxed powers. There is something fretful, almost hysterical, in them, and a hint of hopelessness. They have none of the calm of mastery. "Work so calm as his," writes Mr. Masefield of Shakespeare, "can only have come from a happy nature, happily fated." Remembering his own works, one finds a wistfulness in this statement. His is not "a happy nature, happily fated." He is an idealist with imperfect confidence in his ideals. He has known the beauty of dreamland, but cannot return thither; nor, if he could, would its pleasant pastures content him. He desires too passionately, for himself and the world, that more spiritual beauty. He has seen, as in a vision, the house of to-morrow. But the squalor of the street of to-day encompasses him, its stenches fill his nostrils, its discords his ears. He pities the dwellers in the street; but his loathing sometimes masters his pity.

Therefore his handling of life is uncertain. Now he grasps it violently; now shrinks from it with abhorrence. Hence his unconvincing transitions, his misplaced lyricism and mechanical crudities. In his criticisms of Defoe and the Restoration lyrists he has written of what is base in them with a sort of brooding intolerance. In his study of Shakespeare, he has found an obsession to be the theme of many of the plays. He is himself obsessed by the evil of the world of men. Sometimes he seems to make no difference between what is wrong with civilisation and what is essential to nature, as in his morbid treatment of sex in "The Street of To-Day." Henley used to talk about the "farce of sex." Mr. Masefield seems to consider it a tragedy. There is truth in both these points of view; but neither is anything like comprehensive.

The deliberate brutality of both the story and the language of "The Everlasting Mercy" is symptomatic of Mr. Masefield's attitude. But here, perhaps, a literary influence is also at work. "It may almost be said," wrote Synge, in a famous preface, "that before verse can be human again it must learn to be brutal." The passage contains a dangerous half-truth, and one is liable to forget the qualifying "almost." It is true that, as he says a few lines earlier, "the strong things of life are needed in poetry," and that they had gone from it during the nineteenth century. But only a weak man confuses strength and brutality. There is nothing brutal, though there is strength and hardness, in Synge's own great plays, nor in the best of his poetry, only in one or two not very successful epigrams. He was a dying man when he wrote that preface. There is no reason why brutality, any more than any other quality, should not find artistic expression; but the brute, no less than the poet, is born and not made. You cannot learn his nature, though you may imitate his swagger.

Without asserting that Mr. Masefield has deliberately accepted Synge's suggestion, one may perhaps see its effect in "The Everlasting Mercy." Mr. Masefield was a friend of Synge's; and the Irish dramatist had just that concentration and certainty of his end which is lacking to Mr. Masefield and would be likely to impose itself on a more fluid nature. The English writer is manifestly susceptible to such influences. His earlier

Drawn by Jack B. Yeats. **Port of Holy Peter.**

"The blue laguna rots and quivers,
Dull, gurgling eddies twist and spin."

Illustration to a ballad by John Masefield, contributed to "A Broad Sheet," published by Mr. Elkin Mathews, 1902–3.

Frontispiece by Jack B. Yeats.

From "A Mainsail Haul," by John Masefield (Elkin Mathews).

poetry, though sufficiently individual, shows how well he had learned the melodies of the nineties. Synge's influence again might be found in "The Tragedy of Nan," though the imaginative enrichment of simple life is a characteristic as native to Mr. Masefield as to him who wrote "The Playboy"; and it may be recalled that the author of "Salt-Water Ballads" was an unfeigned disciple of Mr. Kipling.

Anyway, these questions of influence may well be left to the literary historians of the future. For us, the interesting point is to note that Mr. Masefield has indeed "learned to be brutal," or rather learned the manners of the brute, and to consider whether he has profited by the knowledge. For reasons already stated, "The Everlasting Mercy" is not an unqualified success. Its brutality fails because the beauty which should underlie it shines beside it and exaggerates it by contrast. The poem has passages of vigorous action, lyric loveliness and noble purpose. The fault is that its components can be so separated and labelled.

In "The Widow in the Bye-Street," on the other hand, Mr. Masefield has found his synthesis, reconciled his conflicting elements. He has steadied himself, as it were; written from his heart instead of from his nerves, in pity and not in disgust. The details of the story are as violent and unlovely as ever, but they do not stand apart in tracts of unillumined sensationalism. The lyric note on which the poem ends is not forced, as in "The Everlasting Mercy," but is the inevitable culmination of the poet's purpose. As the story proceeds, the tragedy gradually intensifies, until it reaches a breaking-point and bursts into sheer beauty. Mr. Masefield has for once succeeded in yoking his restive sense of beauty to the creaking wain of life, to draw it towards the heights.

Drawn by Jack B. Yeats. **Treasure.**

"The morn came white and ghostly as we laid the treasure down,
All the spoil of scuttled carricks, all the loot of Lima town."

Illustration to a ballad by John Masefield, contributed to "A Broad Sheet," published by Mr. Elkin Mathews, 1902–3.

Neither of the later poems, "Dauber" and "The Daffodil Fields," is equal in this respect to "The Widow in the Bye-Street"; nor, being to some extent repetitions of a formula, are they so significant. They are of very different quality from one another. "Dauber"

is an individual and close study of character, and has the reality of atmosphere which Mr. Masefield always achieves when he writes of the sea. The descriptive passages are of the poet's finest. There is some good description also in "The Daffodil Fields," but, as a whole, it is inferior to its predecessors. Lacking interest as a story, it is far too long, and is spoilt by a spurious picturesqueness and the unreal holocaust of its climax. It will never be ranked among its author's best works, though it, too, illustrates the contrast between the eternal beauty and the transient violence which mars it.

If "The Tragedy of Nan," "The Street of To-Day" and the narrative poems are the expressions, more or less reconciled, of two elements of a complex nature, "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great" is the expression of the clash between those elements. It is, as it were, a prelude to, or an apology for, the others. The play, taken as nothing else, is a notable piece of work. Like all Mr. Masefield's plays, it has a combined richness and simplicity of which the aptest parallel is to be found in the best ballad literature. But it has also a psychological significance. The character of Pompey is of a type to be found elsewhere in his creator's work; in Lionel Heseltine and, most notably, in Captain Margaret. He is the dreamer who is driven into action by the urgency of his ideal and is broken by contact with coarser natures and the brute facts of life. His conflicts and vacillations, his disasters and his unconquerable idealism are surely no obscure symbol of the temperament which produced "The Everlasting Mercy."

Out of Pompey's mouth, moreover, come certain sayings wherein what is most significant in Mr. Masefield's attitude is crystallised. A good deal is written nowadays about "art for life's sake," "art as the expression of life." The questions prompted by these phrases are, of course, what precisely is meant by life? and is all life, whatever its quality, of equal value? Mr. Masefield makes a distinction. No one has broken more definitely with the drawing-room manners of the Victorians than he, or proclaimed by bolder example that life in all its varieties may be the subject-matter of poetry. But the sentiments of his Pompey may be taken as his own. "Life is nothing. It is the way of life which is so much." And again: "Life requires a dignity."

These statements scarcely constitute a theory of life, but a poet has little use for the precision of philosophy. We apprehend his idealism rather as a mental atmosphere than as a definite outlook, and we judge it, therefore, by feeling more than by reason. The general impression left by Mr. Masefield's work is that it emanates from a mind of great austerity and sincerity; inclined (we may think) to take life a little too seriously; deficient, perhaps, in humanity—or at least too consistently negligent of the jollier peccadilloes and more venial sins; mystical, in the less technical sense; infinitely sensitive; impatient of everything but perfection.

John Masefield.

From a drawing by Ginsbury, kindly lent by Mr. N. de Grey.

There are a few great poets, the limits of whose powers seem co-extensive with the universe. Of the others, those who have recognised their limitations, and kept rigidly within them—provided, of course, that those limitations are not too narrow—give the most abiding satisfaction. For only with a perfect mastery of his material can an artist achieve the strength and finish, the persuasiveness, which will make his work seem, within its own conventions, absolutely real. But there is something in the spectacle of the passionate idealist—aiming at the highest he can imagine, regardless of his own weakness—which can never miss its meed of admiration. The artist of this temper is bound to produce much which is faulty and unconvincing. His concrete work will live in fragments rather than as a whole. But it will have a fragrance, an emanation, which will pass into our spiritual composition, and become one of its finer elements, influencing, at length, even those who are ignorant of the written word. Such is the work of John Masefield. Full of faults as literature, it more than justifies itself as the adumbration of an ideal. His books are indeed good to read; but that which remains when details have grown vague in the memory—the soul of them—is their highest quality.

THE SEA PICTURES OF JOHN MASEFIELD.

By Alvin Langdon Coburn.

ON the twenty-fifth of May in the year nineteen hundred and ten my friend Mr. Allan Wade gave me a copy of "A Tarpaulin Muster." I wish particularly to designate this day because it is memorable to me as the date of my first introduction to the writings of John Masefield. I read this volume from cover to cover with the keenest delight, and thought then, and the impression has intensified with closer acquaintance, that these are the most charming and subtle stories of the sea that have ever been written. There are five of them that especially appeal to me and I have read them over many times, marking favourite passages on the margin of the page. There is "Edward Herries" which comes first in the book. It is not exactly a sea story but serves to attune one's mind to the pitch of appreciation for the essays that follow. Herries is a poet who has lived his life in books, surrounded by silver candlesticks and blue silk curtains. He is in love with a beautiful woman, and fancies "she wants a man with more devil in him," so he goes away for five years and leads a wild roving life to make himself more attractive to her; but on his return he finds that she has changed as well as he, that while he has become more of the world, more masterful, alas, a bit coarsened, she now lives "only in an inner temple builded of intellectual beauty." The thought of "the Spanish women he had kissed" comes between him and his love of her, and he realises when it is too late that he might have won her after all if he had stayed at home. It is a beautiful picture with just a touch of sadness. The delicate description, rather like a dry-point, of Herries altering a word in his beautifully-written sonnet from "that" to "the," and then back again to the original word, is filled with a gentle irony seldom met with; and there is real and impassioned poetry in his thought of his love: "Oh burning beauty of the world. Would I were a violet in the grass, hidden among the dead thorn leaves, that your passing foot might crush me." Does that not bring to you the fragrance of youth?

The second essay in "A Tarpaulin Muster" is called "A White Night," and would have delighted the Whistler of the Nocturnes. It begins: "Sometimes when I am idle, my mind fills with a vivid memory. Some old night at sea, or in a tavern, or on the roads, or some adventure half forgotten, rises up in sharp detail alive with meaning." Then Masefield goes on to give us a picture in grey and silver, of a haunting vagueness. I am almost afraid to try and give you in few words an outline of this gossamer-like essay, for fear my touch might destroy it. I should like just to quote its entire eight octavo pages and say no more myself, but that would be shirking a responsibility! If I can induce you to read of the mysterious red-haired stranger who is rowed ashore from a ship on a misty night, I shall have accomplished my purpose. "I thought at the time," wrote Masefield, in this delicate picture, "that the casual things in life were life's greatest mysteries." The stranger says good-night and passes out of the lives of the rowers of the boat. It is the mystery of meeting and parting in life that is brought home to us so vividly in this misty setting. Perhaps it is because the mist has freed the mind from trivialities, that the essential things of life shape themselves with greater clearness, as one sometimes shuts the eyes to remember. And Masefield closes with a mysterious doubt: "Why such a thing should haunt me I cannot tell." Lovers of beauty do not question too closely, they accept and are grateful.

Best of all the stories in "A Tarpaulin Muster" is the one called "A Memory," and there is a paragraph in it which I would like to see printed in red:

> "One has but to fill the mind, and to meditate upon a lovely thing, to pass out of this world, where the best is but a shadow, to that other world, the world of beauty."

There is in this essay a description of a sunrise on a full-rigged ship at sea, and I shall never be able to forget all the colour and sparkle of it. If "A White Night" would have delighted Whistler, "A Memory" would as surely appeal to Frank Brangwyn. I can imagine exactly how he would revel in painting "the red lead below her water line." Masefield is a man of fine enthusiasms which he is not afraid of sharing with others. "There was no man aboard of us but was filled with the beauty of that ship. I think they would have cheered her had she been a little nearer to us."

Of an entirely different sort of beauty, you get glimpses in "The Cape Horn Calm," the fourth essay which particularly appeals to me. You get the quiet of the night watch, when it is pleasant to sit by the friendly bogey stove "in the darkness among the sleepers hearing the coals click," and to make cocoa. No stay-at-home has any idea of the delicious taste of such a beverage under such circumstances!

The last essay of my five from "A Tarpaulin Muster" is by no means the least interesting. It is entitled "Being Ashore," and is told in the first person by a sailorman. You can picture him quite clearly although there is no description of him except that which comes out in his narrative, as he chuckles about not being at sea when the wind howls on a stormy night; but on a fine day it is different, and it is here that there occurs one of the most dramatic descriptions in the book, one of the grandest pictures of the ocean that I know of in literature:

> "We were tearing along across a splendour of sea that made you sing. Far as one could see there was water shining and shaking. Blue it was, and green it was, and of dazzling brilliance in the sun. It rose up in hills and in ridges. It smashed into a foam and roared. It towered up again and toppled. It mounted and shook in a rhythm, in a tune, in a music."

Yes, it is to Debussy in music that one must turn for a comparison, for a kindred spirit to the Masefield of this passage, or perhaps in the artists of Japan to Hokusai's fearless wave-print.

You will gather from the foregoing that I was interested in the first book of Masefield's to come into my hands, and being a thorough sort of person with the collector's instinct fully developed, I started to get first editions of all of his books. This I was able, with some considerable difficulty, to do. I then started again on volumes to which he had contributed an introduction or a poem.

Photo by Alvin Langdon Coburn.

John Masefield.

These last, with American editions, brings my collection up to sixty-five volumes, occupying about six feet of bookshelf. If I treated each of these volumes as exhaustively as I have the first, it would occupy about three complete numbers of THE BOOKMAN, so I must content myself with some of my especial favourites.

Of the four novels, "Captain Margaret," "Multitude and Solitude," "Lost Endeavour," and "The Street of To-day," I think I like the last one the best, but that is merely a matter of personal taste. "Multitude and Solitude" I have read more than once and found it full of interest. Then there are the plays, "Pompey the Great" and "Nan" in the latter of which Miss Lillah McCarthy made such a signal success of the title-rôle.

Masefield is nothing if not versatile, for there are the three boys' books; "A Book of Discoveries," "Martin Hyde" and "Jim Davis," which no boy between fifteen and fifty should fail to read, and of course there are the six volumes of poetry: "Salt Water Ballads," "Ballads," "The Everlasting Mercy," "The Widow in the Bye-Street," "Dauber," and "The Daffodil Fields," on which his present reputation most firmly rests.

It is unnecessary for me to give you a list of all Masefield's books; moreover, I want to tell you of my first meeting with the man himself. I had been for two years in California, and while I was there I read almost all of his books, so on my return to London you can imagine that I was eager to make his acquaintance, and also his photograph; for in case you have never heard of me, I might mention in passing that I am an artist-photographer by profession, and only by the merest chance a writer of random jottings. Knowing that my friend Mr. Granville Barker was the "H.G.B." of the dedication of "A Tarpaulin Muster," I at once demanded a letter of introduction. Barker was, however, inclined to parley with me and to make terms, and I only succeeded in getting the letter from him by promising to give him one of the resulting portraits!

On a misty day in January I went with my camera to Hampstead. It was really a wonderful day, houses were like vague walls, trees like strange creatures. I found my way with difficulty, and was a few minutes late in consequence.

It was almost too dark to photograph so I sat down for a chat with Mr. Masefield hoping that it might get brighter. I had brought him a copy of my book, "New York," and he remarked how greatly the city had changed since he was over there some years ago. I have a theory that if you admire a man's work, you are almost certain to like him personally. This has never yet failed me, and John Masefield was no exception. Almost at once we began planning a book of "Ships," to which he was to write an introduction, and for which I was to make a series of photographs. This I am now at work on, and hope to complete shortly. Also I reminded Mr. Masefield of a joint contribution we had made to the *Pall Mall Magazine*, called "Liverpool: a City of Ships," consisting of an essay from his pen and nine of my pictures, and he told me an amusing fact which I had never known—that but for him one of the plates, a ship and its reflection, would have been reproduced upside down!

Then it became lighter, and I was able to make a number of negatives, one of the most successful of which is reproduced herewith.

Just one word in conclusion about a very delightful book of Masefield's, now out of print and difficult to obtain: "On the Spanish Main." Perhaps it is as well to confess and be done with it, that I have never "grown up" sufficiently to lose interest in stories of Pirates and Buccaneers, and this book simply bristles with them! Here we have the exploits of Drake, John Oxenham, Morgan, and Dampier, told with all the fidelity of a history, and all the charm of a romance; which goes to prove that there is nothing so interesting as reality, and nothing so real as an interesting book; when it is written by such an artist as John Masefield.

IN DEFENCE OF HENRY JAMES*

BY DIXON SCOTT.

MR. HUEFFER'S "Henry James" is a disappointing book—garrulous, slap-dash, untidy—worthy of neither of the eminent names its cover bears. But we are bound to take it seriously, partly because of the eminence of those names—because it does represent, whether bad or good, absolutely the first full-length official effort that has yet been made by English criticism to pay adequate homage to our greatest living man of letters—and partly, too, because in the course of its praises, by way of climax and crown, it claims its subject's support for a certain point of view, a certain sinister conception of humanity, which is so unutterably desolating and disquieting that one wants to denounce instantly and noisily, even although the denunciation logically necessitated (as apparently it ought to do) a melancholy revision and a gloomy damping-down of the reverence with which we have hitherto regarded Mr. James' powers of judgment and perception.

For "*cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats, all human life is there.*" Those words, says Mr. Hueffer, uttered by one of his characters, "voice Henry James' final message to humanity." "His final note is despair—that is the net result." All those beautiful books of his, from "Roderick Hudson" to "The Golden Bowl," are but a sequence of confessions of a descending series of disgusts. He ends sardonic and contemptuous, surrounded by *illusions perdues*, so well acquainted, at long last, with "the essential dirtiness of human nature" that his conception of life is now greyer and dismaller than even his early master, Turgenev's. He began (says Mr. Hueffer) by reproaching Turgenev for sadness, a rapt believer in honour and romance; he came to Europe excitedly, fondly expecting to find a Paris according to Balzac. Instead, he saw a city of stark Zola. Staggered and distressed, he sought refuge in London, among our mellow forms and high traditions—began a series of adoring studies of our literary life ("The Death of the Lion," "The Lesson of the Master," "The Next

* "Henry James: A Critical Study." By Ford Madox Hueffer. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

Time"), only to discover that this life, too, had "no real existence," was but a figment of his own ingenious mind. Desperately then he turned to "the task of portraying the lives of English people who were—just people—good people, comfortably off, as a rule," and "found them just singularly nasty."

"For he gave us 'The Spoils of Poynton,' a romance of English grab; 'What Maisie Knew,' a romance of the English habit of trying to shift responsibility; 'The Turn of the Screw,' a romance of the English habit of leaving young children to the care of improper maids and salacious ostlers . . ."

And finally rebounding, "in utter desperation he essayed another pilgrimage among his own people," merely to be foiled again, merely to find that there was nothing whatever in either of the hemispheres "to shake his conviction that most people have not souls." "Half a century of pilgrimages have left him with no further message than that—that '*the soul's immortal, certainly, if you have one—but most people haven't.*'" That (says Mr. Hueffer) is the trebly-tested, last opinion of the man who is the justest of our historians, and most accurate of observers, "the greatest of all living writers, and the greatest of living men," the man "who has observed human society as it now is more than anybody, and, more than anybody, faithfully rendered his observations." "His work is the exact mirror of the world we all know," and the motto engraved on it is *homo homini lupus*. . . .

Desolating? It is intolerable! And we are not going to stand it. One of two things, we insist, must be wrong. Maybe both. Either (*a*) Mr. Henry James is *not* the perfect observer that Mr. Hueffer claims him to be, or else, if he is, then (*b*) Mr. James does *not* hold these damnatory views. Prove either or both of these and our self-respect is saved; prove either or both of them, therefore, we will. Each apparently will necessitate, as a sort of little by-product, the demolition of Mr. Hueffer as a critic. That seems a pity, but it cannot be helped. It is either Mr. Hueffer or Human Nature; and as a confirmed adorer of the latter, as a member indeed of the little circle it includes, I now advance to the absolute annihilation of the former with all the enthusiasm and alacrity in life.

"Mrs. Stukeley, it's my duty to tell you that your husband is guilty."
From "Captain Margaret," by John Masefield (Nelson).

I.

Let us begin with our (*b*), and examine, first of all, the evidence which Mr. Hueffer offers. He files two pieces of verbal testimony (and, mark you, only two). The first of these is that maddening phrase about "cats and monkeys"; the other is the peevish epigram, "the soul's immortal, if you've got one—only, most people haven't." Now, who are the actual utterers of these precious phrases? Let us be confronted by these witnesses. What are their credentials, their characters—and what is their right to be regarded as the chosen spokesmen and representatives of the man who has made, not only them, but a thousand other characters besides?

Frankly, none whatever. I find, on examination, that the no-soul *misérable* is merely that poor waster Clement Searle—the worn-out traveller, penniless and pinched, who droops and stumbles wistfully through the very earliest of all Mr. James' stories ("The Passionate Pilgrim"); his purpose there being precisely that of providing his author with an opportunity of expressing (he has himself confessed it), not any bitterness or dismay, but his private joy in England, his delight in our landscape, his deep, desirous sense of our still powers! It was to gain a sufficient accent of envy that Mr. James made poor Clement woebegone; and the no-soul stuff was just part of his make-up. And it is this feeble, feckless windlestraw—a failure from birth, and dying at last of delirium in an Oxford inn (as the result of a spectral visitation)—that Mr. Hueffer has to subpœna, out of a forty-year-old book of tales, in order to acquaint us with Mr. James' "final message to humanity"—and even then he has to make him twist his master's words.

The cat-and-monkey man is even shadier. He, too, is dug up from one of the very remotest of Mr. James' efforts—that charming experiment of his literary youth, the little fable of "The Madonna of the Future"—and he is such a mere minor there, thought of so contemptuously by his author, that he isn't even given the privilege of a name: he is just a negligible wriggle of the pen. Not only that, but he is openly discredited. "He struck me as being himself little more than an exceptionally intelligent ape," so remarks the narrator. He is used simply as a scurvy foil, a contemptible contrast to the leading figures; that very phrase of his is called "cynical and impertinent." And his evidence, like Searle's, is the completest perversion of the actual spirit and assurance of the tale.

"Look at that picture," says the true Hero of the story, "and cease your irreverent mockery! Idealism is *that*! There's no explaining it; one must feel the flame. It says nothing to Nature, or to any beautiful girl, that they won't both forgive. It says to the fair woman: 'Accept me as

Drawn by Jack B. Yeats. **Blind Man's Vigil.**

"Mumblin' under the gallows, hearing the clank o' the chain,
Hearin' the suck o' the sea as the tide goes by the stair."

From a ballad by John Masefield, contributed to "A Broad Sheet," published by Mr. Elkin Mathews, 1902–3.

your artist-friend, lend me your beautiful face, trust me, help me, and your eyes shall be half my masterpiece.' No one so loves and respects the realities of nature as the artist whose imagination intensifies them. He knows what a fact may hold—whether Raphael knew, you may judge by his inimitable portrait there—but his fancy hovers above it as Ariel in the play hovers above the sleeping prince . . ."

There, if you like, *is* the moral of "The Madonna," urged with all the author's eagerness and trust. That, nothing else, is what any honest mind is compelled to receive from it as the writer's deepest message. And here is Mr. Hueffer, for some dark reason of his own, falling back on the bitter jabber of the ape!

Singular, don't you think? Singular, very, that in order to give some credence to his case, Mr. Hueffer had to seek the services of this brace of wretched perjurers. And what an inexplicable thing, anyhow, it would really have been if Mr. James had entrusted his "final message" to such deputies—and entrusted it nearly half a century before he knew what it would be.

And as for the rest of the reasoning, it is shakier still. Take his summary of the English books. "He gave us 'The Spoils of Poynton,' a romance of English grab; 'What Maisie Knew,' a romance of the English habit of trying to shift responsibility; 'The Turn of the Screw,' a romance of the English habit of leaving young children in the care of improper maids and salacious ostlers." These are the sole statements upon which he bases his assertion that Mr. James found English people "people who were just singularly nasty." And each of them is fantastically false.

False, not merely in the sense of a mild detour from accuracy; but false as it would be to declare that white was black; each is an absolute inversion of the facts. "The Spoils of Poynton" was not a romance of English grab; its subject, on the contrary, as every candid reader knows, and as its author himself has actually remarked, was "*not the crude love of possession; it was the need to be faithful to a trust and loyal to an ideal.*" Mr. Hueffer "puts it to us" that Mr. James sees Mrs. Gereth as "a brigand." Mr. James' expressed opinion happens to be this: "Vulgar avidity," he writes, "touched her little; her *idea was surely noble—it was that of the beauty she had so patiently and consummately wrought . . . to give up her ship was to flinch from her duty.*" Further, the whole motive of the tale is the slow relinquishment of this ideal in order to embrace an even finer: instead of being a history of grab, it is a history of surrender—and of surrender's finer gains. For the material "spoils" are but exchanged for a spiritual booty that shines out on us like the spoils themselves etherealised; and the great conflagration that wipes out the visible collection is, not only the natural human conclusion, the due result of the neglect of the Brigstock's ownership, it also amounts to a serene dismissal, now that they have served their human purpose, now that their beauty has been sublimated into the honour and fineness and integrity acquired through their instrumentality and aid, of the mere material apparatus by which we worldlings win our immaterial possessions. Mr. Hueffer calls "The Spoils of Poynton" Mr. James' most perfect piece—and, indeed, in many ways it is. And the great pyre with which it ends—Poynton going up into the sky in flame—is not only, dramatically, the supremely perfect close, it is also a blazing declaration of Mr. James' rich belief in the ultimate supremacy of the spirit: it is really a great offering of burnt sacrifices to the powers that have guided the characters to their difficult triumph of unstained honour. The Spoils are not longer needed; and so the Spoils are consumed. Fleda loses the Maltese Cross—"that marvellous crucifix of ivory, a masterpiece of delicacy, of expression"—but she enters into possession of a spiritual crucifix which will yield her finer aid and deeper joys.

And as for "What Maisie Knew" and "The Turn of the Screw,"—well, it was perhaps very cunning of Mr. Hueffer to quote the latter, for it has a tremendous reputation for inhuman grisliness, but it certainly wasn't exactly cricket. For one thing, it is quite exceptional, the only tale of its kind in the whole of James, and therefore the most unrepresentative. For another, it was explicitly an experiment in sheer fantasy—an attempt, as its author tells us, to write a good, old-fashioned thriller, an utterly irresponsible fairy-tale. "It is an excursion into chaos," says Mr. James, "while remaining, like Bluebeard and Cinderella, but an anecdote . . . it is a piece of ingenuity pure and simple, an *amusette* to catch those not easily caught." And it is *this* that Mr. Hueffer has the effrontery to assure us is "a romance of the English habit of leaving children in the care of improper maids and salacious ostlers," and a convincing proof that Mr. James found England "nasty." The other "proof"—"What Maisie Knew"—proves actually, once more, precisely the opposite proposition. Its accomplished purpose is to

show the secret beauty in apparent ugliness, and the irrepressible supremacy of "niceness." It was a deliberate purpose; it is perfectly fulfilled. Mr. James began the tale (he tells us) because he felt that in a certain group of banal facts there lay, dimly seen, "the chance of happiness and an improved state," Maisie's innocence, working by ways too fine for moral categories, "really keeping the torch of virtue alive in an air tending infinitely to smother it," and casting, by its freshness, upon the tangled, puzzled world about, those rays of truth and clear consciousness which are all that are required to reveal poetry anywhere, in anything, no matter how "singularly nasty" it may seem to pessimists or numskulls. Here is Mr. James's own remark on just this point:

"Truly, I reflect, if the theme had had no other beauty it would still have had this rare and distinguished one of its so expressing the variety of the child's values. She had the wonderful importance of shedding a light far beyond any reach of her comprehension; of lending to poorer persons and things, by the mere fact of their being involved with her and by the special scale she creates for them, a precious element of dignity. They become, as she deals with them, the stuff of poetry and tragedy and art; she has simply to wonder, as I say, about them, and they begin to have meanings, aspects, solidities, connections—connections with the 'universal'—that they could scarce have hoped for."

Maisie, in brief, reveals to us the brave "spectacle of the world, embalmed in her wonder," and the presentation, for our stimulus, of precisely that spectacle is the supreme purpose of the tale.

II.

And of *all* Mr. James' tales! For I turn back now, (*b*) demolished, to a swift consideration of Hueffer on (*a*). *Is* Mr. James' work "the exact mirror of the world we all know"? *Has* he "observed human society as it now is more than anybody, and more than anybody faithfully rendered his observations"?

Questions, these, that might seem to hang together—but which, in point of fact, do not; and it is the difference between them that has baffled Mr. Hueffer. The answer to the second of them is "Yes," but to the first is "No." Mr. Hueffer is half-wrong and half-right. And it was this fundamental ambiguity, I am compelled to believe, that originally sent the whole book awry.

It is an extraordinarily interesting misunderstanding: its roots are deep in race and creed; and perhaps an explanation of the discrepancy can best be introduced by mentioning that Mr. Hueffer, in this book, keeps assuring us excitedly (with the air of a man doing something inconceivably brazen) that he is now a Roman Catholic. There was perhaps no particular need to drag the information in; it seems just a little ostentatious; but since he flaunts it so insistently we may use it now without impertinence to illustrate the special point we have in mind. For the difference between the "realism" for which Mr. Hueffer praises Mr. James, and the "realism" which Mr. James actually practises, is exactly the difference between the realism of a religious and the realism of a magnificent materialist. And this difference (it may sound a little odd at first, but a moment's thought will show the simple truth of it) is mainly that the realism of the mystic will be always the more materialistic—the realism of the materialist always the more mystical. Both men, when they sit down to paint "the human scene," will be thrillingly aware of something surpassing mere appearances; but whilst the materialist, the Henry James, will strive to put into his actual portrait some visible equivalent for this invisible power and presence, the mystic, the Madox Hueffer, will reserve his appreciation of this glory for another method of expression altogether—he will attribute it to sources exterior to human nature—render his homage to it in special forms and ways, and in the meantime keep his portrait strictly photographic. That has always been Mr. Hueffer's way in his own realistic stories: he paints ruthlessly (the pre-Raphaelite blood in him doubtless helping) and keeps his jewels for explicit altars and halos. But Mr. James (scion of Emerson) gives Life the credit for the glory, and is not satisfied till his

John Masefield.

A swear-word in a rustic slum
A simple swear-word is to some,
To Masefield something more!"

From "Fifty Caricatures," by Max Beerbohm (Heinemann).

portrait reproduces it. He magnifies, he exalts, he intensifies, he enhances—all with the aim of achieving perfect truth; and at length produces something which bears no more resemblance to his model than Raphael's picture did to his, but which puts on record for us, with all the accuracy of his amazing hand, all the forces, graces, bounties, possibilities and deep powers which are revealed to his naïve and trustful eye, and with which he elatedly identifies his sitter. Precisely like Maisie, he shows us the world "embalmed in his wonder." Precisely like the artist who first spoke for him in "The Madonna," he has held all his life that "no one so loves and respects the rich realities of nature as the artist whose imagination intensifies them." And to this belief he holds still:

> "I can't tell you who it is I 'aimed at' in the story of Henry St. George; and it wouldn't do for me to name his exemplar publicly, even were I able. But I none the less maintain his situation to have been in *essence* an observed reality—though I should be utterly ashamed, I equally declare, if I hadn't done quite my best for it. It was the fault of this notable truth, and not my own, that it too obscurely lurked—dim and disengaged; but where is the work of the intelligent painter of life if not precisely in some such aid given to true meanings to be born? He must bear up as he can, if it be in consequence laid to him that the flat grows salient and the tangled clear, the common—worst of all!—even amusingly rare, by passing through his hand."

These are his own words, written but yesterday: so infallible has he found his early faith.

It would be interesting to dwell on this further, to give examples of this heightening, measuring the difference (his new Prefaces provide us with all the material) between the first meek scrap of actuality, the germ of the tale, and the magnificence with which he ultimately dowered it—or, rather, the magnificence into which, under his care, beneath his love, it ultimately, simply and inevitably flowered—the beautiful reward and justification of his confidence. But we have other points to make. The first is simply this: that these enhancements are obviously the measure, not of Mr. James' disdain for reality, but of his belief in its profound essential fineness. The next is to note that this method of magnification, whether deserved by life or no, does certainly produce upon the mind of the reader an overpowering effect of reality. And the third is to indicate how it was that these two qualities—this expression by extravagance and this impression of veracity—chivvied Mr. Hueffer into committing, in this book, his amazing howlers about Mr. James' pessimism.

He wrote the whole book, you see, in a wild, scrambling hurry (he hadn't even time to read his proofs), and as a result, it had to be mainly a succession of sometimes pretty desperate improvisations. That wouldn't have been so bad if Mr. Hueffer hadn't happened as well to have been a constant reader of Mr. James (as he tells us) "for the last twenty-five years" (longer than some of us have been reading at all); for this familiarity filled him with a kind of false courage—he felt he *ought* to be able to rattle off pronouncements impromptu, and that he was right in attempting it. Well, one of the first of these impromptus would inevitably be the announcement that James was our supreme historian, his work "an exact mirror of the world as we all know it"—for that sense of physical veracity is, as we have seen, the big impression we all bear away from these books. Down, accordingly, went the dogma: James is the perfect realist. But a little later (and by now the first pages were probably in the post or at the printer's) there came the necessity for closer comparison and analysis—and then there suddenly flamed on the consciousness of this P.R.B. Catholic the immensity of the post-Raphaelite's extravagances. Here was a pretty quandary. How bridge the contradiction? How explain why Mr. James should be our perfect realist and also the most unblushing of romantics? It held Mr. Hueffer for a moment—no more. Instantly, ingeniously, he devised that theory of a gradual disillusionment, of a Henry James slowly descending from the heights of romantic hallucination, down the dismal steps of his *illusions perdues*, until he reached good, dingy, pedestrian P.R.B. reality at last; and Mr. Hueffer sighed with relief. The rest followed naturally: the unconscious queering of evidence, the fakings and suppressions. Until at length the munificent genius who has spent all his days adoring life—humbly recounting its treasures, displaying its spoils, dwelling especially on the power and beauty of quite little things—is represented to us as a kind of savage Swift or soured Voltaire, sardonically contemplating, from an eminence, "the essential dirtiness of human nature," setting all kinds of crushed characters "crawling round his foot-stool" so that he may watch them with a pitiless pleasure, sneering, as he watches: "*Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats—all human life is there!*"

There is just one other element that it might be wise to mention—for I have no doubt it helped to confirm Mr. Hueffer in his fantasy, and its real significance ought, for the sake of the general reader, to be made, as often as possible, quite clear. That phrase about "crushed characters" may serve to introduce it. Much capital has always been made, by suspicious or resentful minds, of the absence from Mr. James' world of all the phenomena of labour—there are no business-men in his books, no workers or producers—the *milieu* in which his characters are set is eminently one of salons and studios and leisure. Now, little though it may look like it, this gap is the direct result of the quality of noble *naïveté* we have been remarking. For one thing, it is the consequence of his cloistered early life—a life of wise innocence in which his eagerness developed and matured, free from the premature resolutions, the prejudices and perhaps the coarsenesses, which are the inevitable results of the specialisations of "business." He himself, in his Prefaces, openly laments his ignorance of "down-town" elements. "To ride the *nouvelle* down-town, to prance and curve and caracole with it there—that would have been the true ecstasy. But a single spill—such as I so easily might have had in Wall Street or wherever—would have forbidden me, for very shame, in the eyes of the expert and the knowing, ever to mount again; so that, in short, it wasn't to be risked on any terms." It was humility, in short, that made him deal solely with fine-fingered folk—with people of "the better sort," "the finer grain"—and if they suffer (as they mostly do) crushed and broken by the world beyond, that is simply because he wishes them to serve the larger world more perfectly: he keeps them fine and

famished and susceptible (like poor Clement Searle, like Strether, like the Princess), simply so that their impressions may be quick and clear, their descriptions of the world and of experience exciting. Their task is to hold up the mirror to the greater world, and if their attitude is cramped—the world is worth it. He makes them abnormal out of loyalty to normality. He permits them to suffer, in their quivering self-consciousness, in order that you and I and the rest of the magnificent unconscious mob may be guided and gladdened by their assurance of our powers and of their descriptions of the high pageant in which we share.

That is the central thing to remember in reading Mr. James: if he sometimes seems inhuman it is from his reverence for humanity; and his fastidiousness is the very measure of his modesty. But do you think Mr. Hueffer will let us realise that? Not he! He sees too well that by twisting it, by distorting and perverting it, he can turn it into a prop for his improvised theory—and in a succession of the most misleading passages in even this misguided book that is what he proceeds craftily to do. For instance, he takes that apology of Mr. James' about his "down-town" ignorance, and simply denies that it has any truth. "I cannot believe," he says, "however much Mr. James might wish to hoodwink us into believing it, that he ever had any yearning to penetrate practically into the secrets of the business life," and proceeds:

"Let us take upon ourselves to throw down the glove that Mr. James, not being militant in any sense here on earth, has been unwilling to throw down. Let us say boldly that business and whatever takes place down town or in the City is simply not worth the attention of any intelligent being. It is a matter of dirty little affairs incompetently handled by men of the lowest class of intelligence. It can teach nobody anything, and, if an immense cataclysm overwhelmed at once the whole of down-town New York and the whole of the financial quarters of the City of London, in ten days the whole system would be running again, conducted by men of similarly mediocre intelligences. Of them the world contains millions and millions."

Photo by Paul Laib.

"John Masefield: The Discoverer."

From a painting by William Strang, A.R.A. By permission of the artist.

I am not going to say a word in defence of the City—the City can look after itself; but I do say that for a critic to impute that insolent sentiment to Mr. James is simply to practise a monstrous mendacity. Indeed, it is so bad that it gives the whole show away. It reveals the whole effort as a piece of special pleading. Mr. Hueffer has apparently some dark grudge against humanity, and—half-unconsciously—he has tried to enrol Mr. James among his supporters. But readers must not be deluded. Mr. James' books are books not of lamentations but of revelations, and his belief in life has never faltered. His last book—"A Small Boy"—displays the same kingly faith and credulity as his first—"The Passionate Pilgrim"—if anything his confidence in humanity has grown. Mr. Hueffer writes as a Catholic: Mr. James is merely catholic. And the clearness of his vision, the subtlety of his perceptions, the overpowering realism of his writings, are simply the result of the height of his hopes, the simplicity of his trust, and the unspoiled enchantment of his eyes.

And now, Mr. Hueffer——your hand!

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV., and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best letter of condolence (in not more than a hundred and fifty words) from one friend to another when both have secured an honourable mention in Competition No. 1.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is awarded to Mr. A. R. C. Westlake, of Brasenose College, Oxford, for the following:

TRISTRAM AND ISEULT.

Say not she has forgotten, O my heart!
The white sea-horses fret and chafe amain;
The north wind shrills; the grey sky seems a part
Of the grey sea—and all my watch is vain.

From out the window of this chamber high
I look upon the deep—methinks I see
Beyond the strait with visionary eye
That land of Cornwall, where I fain would be.

Tell me, my heart, tell me that she will come!
My wound is grievous—I draw near my fate,
And day by day my soul becometh numb—
O God! O God! If she should come too late!

Is that a gull, white-winged, upon the waves?
A sail!—A ship!—A crown upon the mast!
My message reached her then. . . . See how it braves
The storm! O heart upbear me to the last!

For at her beauty am I like to swoon,
As one that passing out from prison bars
Faints at the sudden beauty of the moon
And all the myriad wonder of the stars.

A. R. C. WESTLAKE.

We also select for printing:

SPRING PASSES.

Cowslips on the hill-side,
Blue-bells showing blue now.
All the trees are glad with leaves,
Ash,—he has a few now.
Spring is lost in all the green;
'Tis difficult to find him.
Never mind, we'll let him go.
Summer's close behind him!

Cuckoo's calling—calling
"Good-bye! Good-bye, Spring now!"
Tiny chirpings from the nests—
All the woods will ring now!
Spring is lost in all the sounds,
'Tis difficult to find him.
Never mind, we'll let him go.
Summer's close behind him!

(Ethel Talbot, of 7, Upper Coltbridge Terrace, Murrayfield, Edinburgh,)

THE HALF-OPEN DOOR.

Spirit of All, whom no man can define,
Groping, I seek Thy peace to make it mine.
Only in moments rare can I draw near,
Lifting a face of wonder—almost fear.

Maybe a glint of sun on mountain crest
Sets free a prayer in throbbing heart and breast;
Or scent of lilac flowers a-hum with bees
Whispers Thy name beneath the rustling trees.

The murmurous sea perchance, or summer skies,
Or depths of trust and love in someone's eyes—
Then for awhile the shadow veil of grey
From Heaven's wide gateway seems to fall away.

(N. Lois Healey, Barton Grange, near Preston.)

TO MARJORIE.

If I could learn the fairy lore
That people knew in days of yore,
When seven-leagued boots as swift as wings,
And wishing caps, were common things—
Or if I were a wandering elf
I'd grant you love and friendship true,
I'd wish you all you wish yourself
And all I wish for you.

If I had all those magic powers,
I'd love to strew your path with flowers,
And on your life's way, dearest one,
Should be no shadow, only sun.
But since to higher powers we bow,
And gifts like these are from above,
I'll cast upon your pathway now
The flower of my love.

(Lettie Cole, Doyer House, Pontrilas.)

A CONFESSION.

Lord, I have wandered far where roses blow,
Long has the dew of plenty bathed my feet,
Yet in this hour of solitude I know,
Though all the joys of earth be passing sweet,
I need Thy love to make my life complete.

Teach me to walk the way that Thou hast been—
Do good to those around me, who have kept
Their humble faith so strong, their hearts so clean;
My share of thorns in silence to accept,
Remembering how even Thou hast wept!

(Irene Wintle, 31, Walton Park, Liverpool.)

SPRING'S DREAMS.

Gold lies the gorse 'neath a red, warm sun,
Buds from the trees are peeping,
Celandines open one by one,
But Spring is sleeping, sleeping.

The keen fresh breeze bears a scent from the fields
Where the gorse in its gold is gleaming,
The good brown earth waits trustingly,
But Spring is dreaming, dreaming.

She dreams of a wood where hyacinths grow
Like a patch from purple skies,
Where a soft light wind shakes rain-washed leaves
On which the sunshine lies.

She dreams of a copse on a heathery moor
Where peace may brood unending,
Where the drowsy twitter of nesting birds
With the wimpling burn is blending.

Dreaming, she sighs; her gentle breath
New force to the earth is bringing.
Dreaming, she smiles; a glad content
Sets all young life a-singing.

The earth is donning her robe of green
And golden the gorse is gleaming.
But Spring must pass, and Spring grows old
When she awakes from dreaming.

(Hylda C. Cole, Annfield, Kilmacolm, near Glasgow.)

Some of our competitors have sent sonnets; two have sent blank verse monologues. Of the many lyrics received we honourably mention those by Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Eleanor Gray (Whitby), Florence M. Wilson (Bangor), Irene A. Mackie (Weston-super-Mare), Owen H. Carsinne (Sheffield), Elizabeth E. Maddox Roberts (Lexington, U.S.A.), S. B. Irene Bell (London, W.C.), Anna Howarth (Boscombe), Aldis Dunbar (Pennsylvania) James Omerod (Farnworth), Rev. E. C. Lansdowne (Birmingham), C. A. Bright Donovan (Wexford), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), Helen Hoyt (Chicago), Mrs. Trevelyan Thomson (Middlesburgh), J. S. Martin (Motherwell), Yorkshireman (Swinton), Janet Agnes Bell (Newmains), Charles Taylor (West Hampstead), N.M.M., Miss E. S. Clarke (Brooklyn, U.S.A.), F. N. Wood (Hull), Goldusa (Streatham Common), A. J. G. (Herne Hill), E. Gundersen (Shanklin), Harrie Selway (Belfast), M. Monks (Derby), Lizzie Sinfield (Ashbourne), Martin Stainforth (Evesham), F. H. Barraclough (Southport), F. H. Hellawell (Newbiggin), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), Florence E. Gilder (Tunbridge Wells), L. Macnamara (Dublin), E. R. L. (Durham), D. Cragie (Edinburgh), W. L. Dickie (Aberdeen), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Eric Leadbetter (London, N.W.), Bessie M. Morris (Bath), Chas. Forbes (Aberdeen), A. R. Horne (Petershead), W. A. (Birmingham), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Mrs. S. J. Cole (Nottingham), Mrs. Beatrice Silley (Ewell), Kathleen M. Balfe (Carmarthen), Glenorchy (New Milton), T. Fleming (Manchester), W. W. Kershaw (Birkdale), E. L. Turner (Malton), Mabel Malet (Hull), A. S. Wilshere (Dalston), G. H. Rook (Portsmouth), Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), M. F. Watson (Maidstone), Ina S. Dabbs (Manchester), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), Frances A. Marks (Halifax), Susie E. Fenter (Birmingham), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Harold Horton (Manchester), Lettie Rathbone (Sutton Coldfield), V. W. Ware (Gloucester), J. Clark (Pontypridd), M. A. P. Price (Birmingham), C. M. Walkerdine (Thornton Heath), Paul Carford (Nottingham), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Ada M. Hudson (London, W.), E. E. Moore (Weston-super-Mare), Eric A. Knox (Victoria Park), Mrs. Lucie C. Temple (Southsea), John Thomas (Aberystwyth), Enoch Daniels (Newcastle), D. A. Worgan (Cardiff), Nora Bowman (Durham), F. C. Pain (Church Stretton), Miss A. Clark (High Wycombe), Grace E. Armstrong (Muswell Hill), Horace Gibson (Hull), G. W.T. McGown (Corstorphine), Marguerite E. M. Steen (Grange-over-Sands), G. Bolam (Alston), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), A. Glen (Manchester), Dan Boyes (Enfield), W. T. Woodfield (Northampton), Constance Kew (Ashton-on-Mersey), M. R. Gardiner (Kilburn), Miss M. Humphrey (Pitlochry) Dorothy W. Bunn (Hull), Percy Mellor (Newcastle-under-Lyme), Miss M. V. Garland (West Kensington), Hylda C. Cole (Glasgow), G. D. J. Waugh (Dunstable), Mrs. Hooper (Wanstead), M. J. H. Warwick (Edinburgh), A. M. Shepherd (Forest Hill), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), F. R. Price (Wellington), Eveline Emily Ife (Plumstead Common), John Heys (South Shields), Alonzo J. Freeland (Kilworth, Lester), Judith Beamsley (Bradford), Florence Kerley (Belfast), Miss M. Peart (Downe, Kent), D. R. Carr (London, S.W.), Miss D. M. Haward (Brockham Green), Miss M. C. Turner (Betchworth), D. J. Darlow (Chippenham), Ethel Freson (East Grinstead), Frances Bexfield (Audley), Philip A. Hall (Beaconsfield), Maud McDonald (Enfield), Anthony Dobbing (Lightcliffe), B. Courtenay Gidley (Topsham), Ewart Richardson (Middlesbrough), Janet Agnes Bell (Newmains), Miss M. Houghton (Cape, S. Africa),, R. E. D. Donaldson (Calne), F. J. Popham (Annan), W. W. S. Escott (Lyme Regis), Major J. Berkley (Andover), J. M. Greer (Bournemouth), N. Laughton (Edinburgh), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), H. Gregory (Dulwich, S.E.), Mary Wayman (Parkstone), Miss A. M. Warren (Moffat), Norman Birkett (Edgbaston), William Johnson (Harrogate), F. Reynolds (Walmer), Helen Hoyt (Chicago), L. Cookes (Leamington), Thomas Curtis Clarke (Chicago), Miss M. W. Crosbie (Herne Bay), Rev. W. F. Clarke (Moira), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), and Edward J. Hewitt (Farnborough).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Muriel M. Careless, of Westward, Walton-on-Thames, for the following:

OUR IRISH THEATRE. By LADY GREGORY. (Putnam's.)
"And de Gompany fighted mit table lecks,
And de ghonstable made them shtop."
Breitmann Ballads.

We also select for printing:

THE OIL CONQUESTS OF THE WORLD. By F. A. TALBOT. (Heinemann.)
"Very rough and thick his hair was."
LEWIS CARROLL, *Hiawatha's Photographing.*
(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

WHY SHE LEFT HIM. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (Long.)
"She loved a Lord."
W. S. GILBERT, *Yeoman of the Guard.*
(Adelaide Holmes, Glen Caren, Alexandra Road, Malvern.)

THE WAY OF THESE WOMEN. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. (Methuen.)
"I will not sit or lie, or eat or drink I vow."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads: The Troubadour.*
(W. McC. Miller, Straidarran, Londonderry.)

ANGELS IN WALES. By J. MARGAM. (Long.)
"The novelty would striking be
And must attract remark."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*
(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

SPARKS THAT BROOD. By NOEL FLEMING. (Lynwood.)
"When the young folks go by, and the girls look so cuddlesome
What makes the young men so moody and muddlesome?"
From "Stonecracker John," song by ERIC COATES.
(W. E. Roberts, 164, Boundaries Road, Balham, S.W.)

ALL MEN ARE LIARS. By JOSEPH HOCKING. (Ward, Lock.)
"Why don't you speak for yourself?"
LONGFELLOW, *The Courtship of Miles Standish.*
(Marie Stewart, Wythburn, Four Oaks, Warwickshire.)

ANGELS IN WALES. By J. MARGAM. (Long.)
"All this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial."
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 2.*
(Trevor Rogers, 40, Robert Street, Ynysybwl, Glam.)

STILL HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED.
By REV. E. J. HARDY. (Fisher Unwin.)
"See the conquering hero comes."
N. LEE, *The Rival Queens.*
(Miss H. M. Barrow, 30, Felsberg Road, Streatham Hill.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best twenty-five lines of verse re-telling the story of any recent novel is awarded to Mr. F. M. Mountford, of 2, Milnthorpe Road, Eastbourne, for the following:

THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE. By A. E. W. MASON. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Henry Thresk is a barrister, full of ambition,
And eager to rise to a lofty position.
When he first meets fair Stella, he scorns her poor love,
Lest marriage a bar to his greatness should prove.
Eight years pass. When in India, on business, with pain
Henry Thresk, K.C., M.P., meets Stella again.

She is wed—Captain Ballantyne, wealthy and great,
Is both drunken and brutal. How wretched her fate!
Thresk sees her one evening, and hastens away.
To his horror he hears, when he reaches Bombay,
"*Captain Ballantyne's murdered!*" Alas! For his wife,
Poor Stella's suspected of taking his life.
The trial commences, cross-questions proceed,
All the evidence shows that she did the foul deed,
When Thresk as a witness for Stella appears,
And his evidence quickly her character clears.
She writes him her thanks—and next day disappears.
But his witness was false. "She will now be my wife,
For I perjured my honour in saving her life,"
Thought Thresk. But she quite disappeared from his sight.
So he goes back to England alone the next night.
The mysterious crime is confessed in the end.
And Thresk takes a back-seat as merely a friend.
For she finds in Dick Hazlewood true love at last,
And her future is happy, her sorrows are past.

We also honourably mention D. J. Darlow (Chippenham), Winifred N. Rich (Battersea Park), F. E. Gilder (Tunbridge Wells), G. M. Northcott (Birkenhead), G. D. Grey (Weston-super-Mare), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle), Miss G. M. Ransom (Torquay), Kitty Gallagher (Newport), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Bessie Hawkins (Bath), Mrs. Charles Wright (Sutton), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss B. M. Grautoff (Clapham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Mr. Alan C. Fraser, of 74, Haven Lane, Ealing, for the following:

THE FLYING INN. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Methuen.)

Mr. Chesterton's latest fantasy, though its literary quality be contestable, far surpasses in hilarious satire anything he has yet attempted. He draws a laughable picture of England under Moslem sway: her inns abolished, her last innkeeper, accompanied by an Irish captain, roaming the country with a rum cask, a large cheese, and portable sign. The narrative is interspersed with ballads, sung by the two itinerants; the plot is wild, whirling, inconsequent, a mere thread stringing together the author's ethical opinions; yet behind this farcical medley lurks a hint of seriousness, and the book, for all its fooling, points a moral.

The wise men choosing who are to inherit the earth.
From 'Multitude and Solitude,' by John Masefield (Nelson).

We also select for printing:

GEORGE BORROW AND HIS CIRCLE. By CLEMENT KING SHORTER. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

All true Borrovians will welcome Mr. Shorter's biography of Borrow and his friends. It is a pleasantly-written though discursive account, and contains many interesting letters and descriptions of the famous "Word-master." The book is, however, primarily intended for "the wider public which knows not Borrow." The author of "Lavengro" is at last being recognized as one of the "kings of literature," and this biography, written by one who understands and admires his complex character and wonderful personality, will impel many readers to become students of his incomparable works.

(F. M. Mountford, 2, Milnthorpe Road, Eastbourne.)

THE WORLD AND MR. FREYNE. By MRS. ALFRED WINGATE. (Melrose.)

If science raise a man from the dead, will not the new creature, bereft of all human heritage, lack those ancestral instincts, those unconscious memories, which make up the soul? Mrs. Wingate's powerful opening raises this arresting problem. Unhappily, it proves too massive for her grasp, and, though she gallantly spins a modern novel around it, the main motive is never convincingly developed. The grip of the story relaxes; and when Freyne's soul—bestowed at tragic cost—proves only that of a self-adoring Narcissus, we wish that Fate had given this fine theme to a scientist and psychologist like Wells.

(Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge.)

THE PASSIONATE FRIENDS. By H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan.)

A rare power dominates this book—that of painting a character in its two aspects. First, as the chaotic mixture of passions, impulses and struggles which it appears to its owner; second, in the broad lines of nobility or weakness in which the onlooker sees it. The Stephen Stratton who emerges is a vivid and unusual personality—the man of action linked to the dreamer. Mr. Wells is a realist. Here he touches the high level where realism takes count of the subtle emotions of life which come under the head of "ideals."

(Frances A. S. Holbrow, Harrietsham, near Maidstone, Kent.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by Mrs. W. L. Gaunt (Kensington, W.), Rachel P. Webb (Quebec), H. L. Pridham (Buckland, Portsmouth), M. J. F. Bittleston (Tilford, Surrey), Robert B. Boswell (Barsett, Southampton), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Mrs. S. K. Vesey (Glenfarg), Reginald Sizen (Canterbury), Rev. F. C. Hoggarth (Girvan), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), E. C. E. L. (Brondesbury, N.W.), Norman Birkett (Edgbaston), Miss E. Webster (Kingsdown, Bristol), Marcella Whitaker (Earlsheaton, Dewsbury), Sybil Waller (Boscombe), J. G. Stanton (South Wigston), Evelina San Garde (Accrington), Olive I. Turney (Beccles), Thomas Moore (Birkdale), Mrs. Olive Gillespie (Canterbury), L. H. Cooke (Stockport), Constance Ursula Kerr (Dirleton, East Lothian), Miss L. Mugford (South Norwood Hill, S.E.), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), C. Roy Price (Wellington, Somerset), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), G. E. Wakerley (West Bridgford, Notts.), Douglas A. Worgan (Cardiff), S. Reginald Price (Cambridge), I. Swinscon (Wadhurst), F. R. Tindal (Chelsea, S.W.), R. Duncan (Northampton), J. D. I. Waugh (Toddington, Dunstable), M. Blacklee (Barrow-in-Furness), M. M. Barron (Hampstead, N.W.), Ethel Talbot (Murrayfield, Edinburgh), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood, S.E.), Miss E. M. Bell (London, W.C.), J. Harold Muir (Glasgow, W.), Margaret Trie (Hampstead, N.W.), Mrs. M. A. Pulbrook (Cricklewood, N.W.), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), Miss E. F. Parr (Clifton), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), M. A. Newman (Brighton), A. Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Ranelagh, Dublin), Maud Straker (Epsom), Beryl M. May (Farnham), Mary Kingdom (Montreal), Annie L. Beal (Barnes, S.W.), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row, Co. Durham), Zillah K. Macdonald (New York City), Marie Russell (Glasgow), James A. Richards (Tenby), and B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. Russell Green, of Queen's College, Oxford.

THE JEWISH BOOK OF SPLENDOUR.*

By Dr. William Barry.

BY long experience I am aware that studies in Jewish literature, when the general reader does not pass them by altogether but deigns a glance into them, are apt to provoke and disgust him. Outside the Bible, which he is losing from his memory, he knows nothing of Hebraism—neither its early stages after the Fall of Jerusalem, nor its mediæval glories, nor its revival as a race and a religion, much traversed by schisms, yet vigorous in spite of them, since the French Revolution. Hebrew names, like Heine and Moses Mendelssohn, in the great world-dictionary of modern genius, he cannot escape knowing by repute. Of the movements to which they contributed or from which they came he is ignorant, and contentedly so. That he should have heard of the "Book of Splendour" is most unlikely. It is, indeed, the Bible of Kabbalism; and occult sciences are in favour. But again it condemns magic, looks down on astrology, holds within it no forms of incantation, and is put together in a style so confusing and confused that only a "golden dustman" would have the patience requisite to sift out its jewels from the mountains of dross. Such an explorer, Mr. A. E. Waite, the learned mystic with a fascinating gift of research and narration, proves himself to be. His antecedent journeys in the dim forest of the Kabbala warrant us in following now upon the trail which he has blazed. Seldom, however, did any European, happy in the confidence of logic and method, undertake so wide-weltering a chaos, to subdue it into reasonable order. It is a veritable "tohu bohu," without form and apparently void. Yet may some diviner spirit brood on the face of these dark waters.

"The 'Zohar,' that book of lies, which impudently set itself above the Holy Scriptures and the Talmud." Thus Professor Graetz defines our "Book of Splendour," in his standard work, "The History of the Jews" (Eng. Tr. V. 294). Whence it originated as a distinct composition has been hotly disputed. The taking name—but mystics are continually inspired in giving names to their fantasies—was borrowed from the twelfth chapter of the Prophet Daniel, which runs in the English version thus, "They that be wise (or the teachers) shall shine as the brightness of the firmament." Written in a peculiar kind of Aramaic, it was until the other day hidden from all but scholars, though its influence has gone far beyond them in East and West, from Seville to Smyrna, and from Italy to Poland. At last we have it, well edited with a French translation (1906-1911) by Jean de Pauly, revised after his death by M. Lafuma Giraud. The six volumes, now available to every one that can read French, have given Mr. Waite his opportunity. With rare skill he throws into a refined English compendium the chief doctrines, collected under illuminating principles, which he discovers in the "Zohar." He brings them to a centre, furnishes a key to their meaning, and expounds the philosophy of this "higher Kabbalism" with a benevolent leaning towards its drift and purpose. "The Kabbalistic Jew," he says finely, "dreaming of liberation and of union under the grievous yoke of his law, giving it the wings of interpretation and rising himself thereon, is of my own lineage in the spirit, of my kinship in the heart of quest." And so he does not shrink from calling that the "secret doctrine of Israel," which to the legal church authorities, the Rabbis and the synagogue, has ever been a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence, precisely because it transcended legalism.

A very ancient aberration in Jewry is the Kabbala—"the oral tradition." When learning revived among Israelites in our nineteenth century, they had to consider this problem once more. They could not away with a system of puerile and disconcerting symbols, running into sheer insanities, and they condemned it outright. This, pretty much, was the attitude, says the "Jewish Encyclopædia," of Zunz, Graetz, Luzzatto, Jost, Steinschneider, and Munk towards a kind of mystical lore with which, as rationalizing Jews, they felt in profound disagreement. Above all, perhaps, they detested the "Zohar." It claimed to be, what it certainly was not, the work of a most mighty seer in Israel, Simeon bar Jochai, dating from the first Christian century. It handled the words and sentences of Holy Scripture, *i.e.* the Hebrew Testament, with a freedom so daring and even so blasphemous that it transmuted the strong Theism taught by Moses and the Prophets to a Pantheism of the most extravagant type. It offended good sense and decency by resolving the austere conceptions of which Hebraism has been the apostle, where Deity was concerned, into a sensuous physical language, with manifest perils for the unwary whom it caught in its toils. Whenever the Kabbala had gained the upper hand over Talmud and Rabbinism, there disorder, amounting to anarchy, had followed. For something like a hundred years, from the middle of the seventeenth century till within speaking distance of the French Revolution, this disturbing influence had rent Israel asunder. The names of Sabbatai Zevi of Eibeschütz, of Frank and the Frankists, denote a period when the Jewish people seemed to lie helpless at the mercy of false Messiahs, pretended Christian converts, and the vilest charlatans. Then, above all, did the Kabbala flourish; then the "Zohar" blinded with its dazzling wreckers' lights thousands who could not distinguish between revelation and delusion. Europeans know little of the story, but Jews never can forget it.

On the other hand, it was from the Renaissance onwards equally natural that Christian scholars, like Pico della Mirandola, Reuchlin, and others, should be drawn to circulate with approval Jewish writings assigned to the primitive ages, wherein they found a doctrine of the Trinity, the Divine Man who should be Messiah and Redeemer, the Second Eve, and the indwelling Spirit. To quote these things and to drive them home was an *argumentum ad hominem* which no controversial writer would or could resist. Oral Hebrew

* "The Secret Doctrine in Israel. A Study of the Zohar and its Connections." By Arthur Edward Waite. 10s. 6d. net. (Rider.)

tradition, secret but never-failing, thus furnished a Christian commentary on the Old Testament, at once Messianic and apparently orthodox. To some extent this view is even now taken by the French editors of the "Zohar." To them the Shekinah is Christ; the Queen of Heaven is Mary; and "the Kabbalistic Community of Israel is regarded as the Church of God, in the sense of the Christian Church." All this would be very wonderful if true. By the side of acknowledged historical Christendom a hidden Church would have persisted along the centuries, united with it in belief and holding that belief from Enoch, Abraham, Simeon bar Jochai, as the divinely inspired meaning of Pentateuch, Prophets, and Psalms. How gladly such an interpretation of the text would be received by Christian mystics our present author signifies, and it is not open to doubt. The question remains, is it true? And that, I fear, we must answer with him, as with most of our qualified critics, in the negative.

Taking Christian dogma, practice, ritual, in the great historical communities of East and West, it is not possible for us to grant the parallel, much less the identity, alleged. A parallel indeed there is, with correspondences far-extending, but it carries us back to Alexandria, to the neo-Platonists, to Gnostics of the school of Valentinus, to the strange groups of Marcosians and Elkesaites, and thence to the Persian doctrines of angels and demons, if not beyond. The whole literature of which in the "Zohar" we read a classic, however confused an expression, comes down to our days upon this line of descent. In that sense it is really a tradition from of old. Moses de Leon, the reputed author, a Spanish Jew of the thirteenth century, did not invent, as he would have been incapable of fabricating, the immense, minute, and endlessly ingenious play upon Scripture that proves by its richness yet incoherence how many minds have been exercised in the game. Joseph's coat, with all its colours, was nothing to the variegated garment of exegesis wrapped round the Massoretic Bible during this wild adventure in quest of a philosophy outside the words themselves. Mr. Waite calls the "Zohar" a "medley," It is something worse, for it abounds in contradictions on his own showing; "the Zohar as exegesis was conceived and born in a house of distraction." But Moses de Leon probably flung into it as a treasury all that he found of his old-world lore, good and bad alike. He was, we will say, an editor, not an impostor, who has rescued from destruction the secret doctrine taught with variations innumerable by sect after sect, yet still to be made out if we possessed a clue to it. Such a clue Mr. Waite believes that he has got hold of; and I will not entirely refuse the argument. Nevertheless, what I read in the pages of St. Irenæus and St. Hippolytus, Christian Fathers who lived and taught during the chief Gnostic period or soon after it, warns me that the clue will take us into the labyrinth where no Christ dwells, but a strange man-devouring Minotaur.

In a thorny subject one may be permitted to use the method of analogies. If, then, we resolve the central teaching given in the "Zohar" by means of Platonism into a creed of mystic choice and fore-ordained heavenly love, which is realized in the "holy estate" of marriage, we must bear in mind that Plato was unacquainted with Hebrew religion, and these are similitudes rather than affinities between schools so widely separated. The mystic elements which abound in discourses attributed by Plato to his Master would seem to recall a tradition. However that may be, from the Tenth Book of the "Republic" we gain a pregnant myth of reincarnations determined by the soul's choice before it enters the body. And from the "Symposium" we learn that marriages are made in heaven, while there is a law of ascent from the mere earthly semblances of Divine ideas to their perfect attainment. Adding with St. Paul to the Ephesians, where he lays down the law of marriage for his converts, "This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and His Church," we are brought on to a height from which the spiritual significance and inward grace of humanity become visible, when it is considered as a "Holy Family." Such in principle is the "benign" interpretation that floats before Mr. Waite's eyes when he contemplates the "Shekinah" unveiled in these too often distracted pages. He will even grant that something in them betrays a reminiscence of the Catholic teaching on the Sacrament of Matrimony.

So far, perhaps, it is well. But recalling the Gnostic pedigree which cannot be denied, and without giving credence to charges brought against secret assemblies age after age, we must feel how undesirable is a theosophy which tends to absorb the spirit in sense by force of its chosen symbolism. Another warning comes to us from the Persian Sufi school, where extravagance and impiety on the surface are said to be vehicles of a divine lore, bearing the soul upwards until it recognizes its oneness with Deity. When the New Testament declares that "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth," it opens a world of light, pure as the heavens, from which no danger falls on heated imaginations or passion-struck enthusiasts. The Oriental does not need to encourage a sensuous fancy, thanks to which he has long lain captive under delusions in faith and tyrannies in government. The Western had better keep at a distance from Krishna; neither will he advance towards perfection along the pathways of the "Zohar." It has fine things, no doubt, gleams of dawn, brilliant vapours, strokes that tell by their very perversity and strangeness. But if all the Hebrew Scriptures had been nothing else than "Solomon's Song" writ large, they would never have changed the world's course to an upward, spiritual plane. Too frequently the mystic soars on wings of Icarus, wax melting in the sun. Let any man, after wearying himself with all these vagaries of Kabbalism, turn to the Fourth Gospel; then he will realize how happy it has been for Europe that it learned religion from St. John the Divine, rather than from Moses de Leon.

Photo by E O. Hoppé.

John Masefield.

New Books.

THE MELTING POT.*

Mr. A. B. Walkley says that this drama of American assimilation is "romantic claptrap . . . rhapsodising over music and crucibles and statues of Liberty." Mr. Archer says that as a work of art for art's sake it simply does not exist, but adds that "Mr. Zangwill would not dream of appealing to such a standard." Mr. Nevinson has declared that to him the play is "one of the greatest dramatic productions of our age," and is angry with the many critics who have "sneered and carped, or patronised disdainfully." Finally, Mr. Zangwill himself appends to this volume a long "Afterword" of answer and exposition.

Clearly the only thing to do is to take the chances of the scrimmage. The scrimmage itself is proof that Mr. Zangwill's play is a work of definite value and power: he may take to himself the consolation which Vera Revendal gives to his hero, when his great American symphony has been heard: "Failure! Because the critics are all divided? That is the surest proof of success." Vera's heart was in her words; had only her head been engaged she might have said that critical loggerheads are as often as not—perhaps more often—a proof of interesting failure.

I do not think that "The Melting Pot" is a great play. It deals with a great idea, and it turns our eyes again to a great vision of the modern world. And the demand for the "drama of ideas" is quickly satisfied if the idea is there, easily recognised, and as easily available for conversation. But meanwhile drama remains drama, and any adjectival qualification or classification may be justly suspected of obscuring the eternal fact. For there never was a great drama that was not a drama of ideas. What our modern gadabouts and enthusiasts mean by their "drama of ideas" is a drama which exploits modern questions, living issues, and what not. They wish to see drama harnessed in the traffic of progress. Accordingly they imagine that Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice" is a great play, and that Brieux's "Damaged Goods" is another great play, because in each case the need of a social reform is poignantly illustrated. But such purposes and achievements are not, never have been, and never can be, the essential stuff of drama. All these plays fail to be great plays because they do not answer to the one test which addresses itself to the heart of the matter. The supreme function of Drama is to embody the actions and sufferings of human nature in individual characters of memorable interest. In a word, the spell of a drama is the spell of its *dramatis personæ*. The dint, the explosion, call it what you will, which announces a great drama is the usurpation of our minds by a great character, or group of characters. Tendencies, reforms, visions—all may be adumbrated, but they must be known to us as parts or moods of the character depicted, and must present themselves to us in the very breathing of that character. It is the weakness of modern drama, as it is the weakness of modern fiction, that it makes small additions to our stock of enduring creations.

Mr. Walkley was harsh, but not fundamentally wrong. David Quixano is a rhapsodist. We do not feel him as America, or as Europe becoming America, but as an impassioned spectator of the phenomenon, rendering to the great crucible the homage of his music and his passion; and we remain curiously external to the dream and the dreamer. In a word, the play is felt somewhat as a poem, or allegory, and I believe that a non-dramatic poem would have been Mr. Zangwill's better medium.

I hope it is clear that this drastic suggestion carries with it, by its very nature, a real admiration of many elements in the play as it stands. But, given the play, it was a mistake, I feel sure, to make the hero a composer who, from the outset, is engaged on writing a great symphony on the very theme—the immense assimilative mission of America among the nations—which is the play's central idea. It is a device highly suitable in a poem, but it throws over the play a kind of veil of rhetoric and allegory. We are introduced to an artistic temperament at boiling point, and are apt to be a little fatigued by the intensity and precocity of David's expression of his idea, while we are conscious of a need to see it evolved in the normal emigrant mind. In a word, David rhapsodises before we are ready. And the fact that in this passionate singer of the Crucible we behold, not merely a European who says of Europe that "her palaces and peerages are outworn toys of the human spirit," but a Jew who says as much of the ideals and traditions of his own wonderful race, must intensify for many readers a sense of the inadequacy of David's personality to embrace and co-ordinate for us these assumptions. He is not, as he should be, the theme in flesh and blood, but a quivering accent on a great but familiar fact to which Mr. Zangwill has applied a happy phrase.

Mr. Zangwill tells us of the long success of his play in America. I can well understand this: its appeal to American sentiment, and to America's lapping curiosity about herself, is obvious. Here we must wait and see. I am convinced, by the way, that "The Melting Pot" ought to be played in a small theatre. Possibly I shall be classed among the carpers. It is one of the paradoxes of criticism that where a work rises above a certain level it enters an atmosphere of appreciation which is chillier than the earthier stratum beneath. There are those who think that praise and enthusiasm should be rushed to the assistance of such achievement. Alas, it is already cheapened! It is Mr. Zangwill's distinction that he always compels our reference to high and exacting standards.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

* "The Melting Pot: A Drama in Four Acts." By Israel Zangwill. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

AS THEY WEREN'T.*

The defect of most alleged light reading is that it demands the partial asphyxiation of one's taste and intelligence as a preliminary to any possibility of enjoyment. We could illustrate this contention with current examples, but we refrain. The special merit of Mr. Baring's present volume it that its lightness and humour are addressed to, and not against, the reader's better judgment. We shall not for a moment assert that the volume is a masterpiece of brilliance, or that it is innocent of dull moments; but we do say that its easy pages are a pleasant provision for the times and seasons when the relaxed mind needs amusement without the usual accompaniment of intellectual insult. Would-be humorists are more often vulgar without being funny, than funny without being vulgar.

Mr. Baring's method is simple. He supposes private diaries in which famous people utter sentiments that contradict traditional expectations—a vilely obscure generality that we hasten to make clear by examples. Does, for instance, this private diary of Tiberius reveal any vices unexposed by Suetonius? Not at all. It represents the Emperor as a kindly person, feeding tame tortoises with lettuces, and rejoicing in the thought that, whatever his intellectual failings, he will leave to posterity the memory of a pure and exemplary life in the purple. Ivan the Terrible, in pages that are perhaps the best characterised, and certainly the best written, in the book, foresees the Russian mothers of the future rocking their babies with lullabies about his gentleness. Sherlock Holmes reveals himself a monument of blundering stupidity, and William the potential Conqueror resolves to introduce, when he

* "Lost Diaries." By Maurice Baring. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

seizes England, a wholesome system whereby leeches shall be enrolled to give medical service to the serfs, the serfs being docked part of their emoluments to pay the leeches.

And what sidelights on the Revolution would you not expect to find in the diary of an English governess, resident in Paris from 1789 to 1794? What you actually find is sublime British unconsciousness that anything unusual is going on—the lady's only comment, for instance, on the date of the King's execution, being a complaint that the shops were all shut and the streets inconveniently crowded. Her crowning triumph, however, is the entry under the date in November, 1793, when the Goddess of Reason was installed at Notre-Dame:

"November 10th, 1793.—Sunday.—Started to walk along the river in spite of the damp weather. Streets very muddy. A great crowd of people near the Cathedral. Caught in the crowd and obliged to follow with the stream. Borne by the force of the crowd into the church. Deeply shocked and disgusted at the display of Romish superstition. A live woman, resembling a play-actress throned near the altar, representing, no doubt, the Virgin Mary. Most reprehensible. Was obliged to assist at the mummery until the crowd departed. Think I have taken cold."

This diary is quite a gem. Like all good comedy, it is also good criticism—for comedy, no less than tragedy, is, in its own way, cathartic. We hope that Mr. Baring will give us more, and all at this level.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

OUR ONLY BONIFACE.*

"All Roads lead to Rum," as its leading character remarks, is no bad maxim for a heady kind of story which makes a social revolution turn on alcohol. Mr. Chesterton in this narrative extravaganza has given the rein to his inventiveness in character; he has also let the action take care of itself. The result is a novel not only without a hero or heroine, but equally without the semblance of a plot. It has not even the frank inconsequence of his short-story series, like "The Club of Queer Trades" or "The Innocence of Father Brown." It is simply the frolic of a fertile mind letting itself play upon modern conditions and exercise itself in the exhilarating pastime of humour and surprise.

Philip, Lord Ivywood, is a kind of Sir Willoughby Patterne, and comes to grief, as Meredith's hero did, in a protracted love-affair. But he unites a certain measure of diplomatic experience with a foible for sociology, and when he returns from the Near East, he undertakes to de-alcoholise his countrymen by an enactment which proves unworkable. Out of a complexity of characters and issues, crossed in a fitful way by his half-Orientalised ideas and his temperance gospel, there emerges a very definite public hostility towards him. With a logic, therefore, which must be hateful to the author, the story finishes in a kind of revolution, in which Trafalgar Square empties itself along the high road that leads to the Ivywood estate, and attacks his lordship's house, to the universal relief. Shall we be accused of ingratitude in that last phrase for a book which reeks with characteristic cleverness and levity? In extenuation, we may plead that the book is not only amusing, but bewildering. We are given a kind of film-panorama of contrasted eccentricities and unexpected episodes. We get a stalwart Irish diplomat-adventurer, who uproots a tree or a sign-post by way of souvenir wherever he goes, a rabid edition of the Eatanswill type of scribe, who is christened, through one of his argumentative peculiarities, "Hibbs However." And this "however" pervades the book, for there is a set-off against every merit and every fault that it possesses.

If we were not already familiar with Mr. Chesterton's champagne vein of fun, we should suspect him of settling down, of malice aforethought, to parody many of his contemporaries, chapter by chapter. For instance, there is a brilliant skit upon the *Hibbert Journal*, and another on the House of Commons manner. A third intersperses high-spirited dialogue with convivial poems, in the manner of Mr. Belloc; and yet another seems to take Mr. Jeffery Farnol for its model, which is all the more frolicsome and unnecessary, considering that Mr. Farnol, in the main, is himself an echo. But these extremes of the ridiculous fall away when Mr. Chesterton enters, more or less consciously, into competition with the famous dawn chapters in "Emilia" and "Prince Otto," and gives space and focus to another scene with a bit of landscape like this, in which the only false touch is the concluding figure:

"They were ascending a sloping road, walled in on both sides by solemn woods, which somehow seemed as watchful as owls awake. Though daybreak was going over them with banners, scrolls of scarlet and gold, and with a wind like trumpets of triumph, the dark woods screened their secret like dark cool cellars; nor was the strong sunlight seen in them, save in one or two brilliant scars, that looked like splintered emeralds."

We are at a loss occasionally to see the need or purpose for the touches of stereotyped profanity, especially in a writer so fertile in effects as Mr. Chesterton, and we confess ourselves rather bored with the Mohammedan missionary who sets himself to prove, in all times and places, that everything in the West has had its origin in the East, even our tavern signs. We would also ask, why "strengthing" and "swashbucklering," when the redundant syllable in the one might easily supply the shivering deficiency in the other. But everyone will enjoy the author's many improvised poems, like the Roundabout ditty and the Ivywood song, in the following rattling vein:

"King Charles he fled from Worcester fight
And hid him in an oak;
In convent schools no man of tact
Would trace and praise his every act,
Or argue that he was in fact
A strict and sainted bloke," etc.

Again, we can all admire the ingenious idea which suggests the title—or vice versa—of a stolen tavern-sign which, when set up over chemist's shop or baronial hall, induces a mad rush from the thirsty populace, and its travels are so rapid and so various as to justify the fancy of "The Flying Inn." Nor does the author fail to act up to the promise implied, for he regales us with the heartiest laughter right through the book. It almost tempts us to call him the modern English Boniface.

* "The Flying Inn." By G. K. Chesterton. 6s. (Methuen.)

SPECULATIVE DIALOGUES.*

There are eight dialogues in Mr. Abercrombie's book. Famine talks with Pestilence, Minos with the Ghost of a musical critic, a beggar in the next world with the dog that was formerly his, Earth with a Crowd, Lust with Love, Science with the World, Philosophy with the Angel of Life, Time with Eternity. At times they are dramatic, as in the opening of the first:

FAMINE: "Well met, my sister! It was a long way off that I saw through the heat-shimmer the black waving of thy skirts upon the lowmost air."

PESTILENCE: "Greeting, dear sister. This, then, is the place we were to meet at?"

FAMINE: "Yes; thou and I, with our kindly besoms, are to sweep this cumbered floor of India a little."

Lust and Love, arguing in the brain of a sleeper, break off as the man begins to wake, and are gone as he mutters: "Only three and a half per cent? No, no: that's not good enough." The World and Science begin to talk as if they were sage and sophist, and when the World hints that Science is concerned not with the World as it is, but as it seems to him, Science exclaims: "Fiddle! I can do better than that, I hope," and the World retorts: "Idealist!" and Science demurs: "Idealist! But it is to Science you are speaking."

But, on the whole, Mr. Abercrombie is not for long together very careful of what his characters might think of him. It is he that made them and not they themselves. For example, Minos talks to the musical critic like a barrister rather than a judge. When the fellow has said that his

* "Speculative Dialogues." By Lascelles Abercrombie. 5s. net. (Secker.)

sister used to play "The Maiden's Prayer" and he had read "Music and Morals" by Mr. Haweis, Minos says:

"I suggest that you approached the criticism of music without any clear idea of the particular excellence at which Music aims."

At the head of the dialogue is quoted the passage from the "Inferno" which says that Minos

"With his tail so oft
Himself encircles, as degrees beneath
He dooms it to descend."

His Minos, like Mr. Abercrombie himself, sees that this is funny. Therefore, when the critic has given himself away four times, and the tail rustles, Minos cries:

"Hullo, my tail has four coils in it now,"

just as if he were a child acting Minos.

The dialogues, in fact, are pervaded by a spirit of gamesomeness as well as of joy, neither of which is a common companion of metaphysicians. Thus Pestilence is as deeply interested as Mr. Abercrombie in social conditions, and takes very seriously the part itself has to play, though well aware that it is not immortal. It—or rather she—asks:

"Do men seem to be living joyfully or nobly in an English town? By 'joyfully' I do not mean 'not being mopish and glum'; I mean a very positive thing, a feeling that it is admirable delight to have senses and emotions. Are men much aware of beauty in an English town? Look inside their factories, inside their homes. True, there is one form of beauty still left to them —'beer'; but it is a perilous form for men who have no other, and even that seems likely to be taken from them."

Then, again, Love and Lust agree at least upon one thing:

"That the forces of eternity have not come together in man merely in order that he may juggle with pieces of cash. We both think that he may be more splendidly concerned with life than in that fashion. Indeed, we think that to be alive does no great good to man unless he can achieve moments of astonishing and rousing perception of the fact that he is alive."

Mr. Abercrombie's perception of the fact is proved everywhere by the burly energy of his metaphysics, by the heavy-laden onrush of his style, by his many admirable images, as when Pestilence says:

"And, suddenly, like a lanced dropsy, or like an overweighted floor full of dry rot, the power of the white race will give; for there was no joy in it."

or when Earth says:

"In a Crowd, many human molecules have been wrought into a being notably different from them, and singly presiding over all their originating multitude; just as a bar of iron is an existence quite different from the sum of its many component existences, and is, in fact, strictly, *a crowd of iron molecules*."

This joy sustains the book from beneath and kindles it above. The book has those "heady virtues" which poetry commends. And therefore I admire it, as Keats admired the attitudes of men fighting in the street, though the fight seemed to him hateful, as the dialogue form, imperfectly dramatic, abounding in long speeches, and these, whether Minos, or the Angel of Life, or the beggar's dog, be speaking, stuffed with metaphysics, seem to me hateful, and, but for the gallant and ingenious gifts squandered on them by Mr. Abercrombie, intolerable.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE ANCIEN RÉGIME.*

The great Trémoille family stands in the same relation to the history of France that the Seymours or the Cavendishes do to English history. "They have stamped their personalities on those great movements which have built up modern France: on the Crusades, on the Hundred Years War, on the Italian campaigns, on the religious strife which followed the Reformation, on the Fronde," and on the Revolution. One Trémoille was basely captured at Agincourt, and more basely still intrigued against Joan of Arc; another, to his eternal honour, wrung the Edict of Nantes from a reluctant king. One outdid all other nobles in exacting feudal dues to the uttermost farthing from a groaning countryside; another paid for these ancestral sins by coming more than once within a terrifyingly short distance of the guillotine, while a third made partial atonement by fighting gallantly on behalf of the national religion by the side of the peasants of La Vendée.

Good and bad, gluttonous and ascetic, blood-sucking leeches on the body of their poor country, and saviours of that country at the cost of their own lives, so the character of the heads of the family varied from age to age, but on the whole and according to their lights they "played the man." The manliest of them all was a woman, and a woman who became an adopted daughter of England. This by itself would be sufficient justification for the appearance of this volume, that it gives in full the life history of that Charlotte de la Trémoille, who as Countess of Derby conducted that ever memorable defence of Lathom House against the attacks of Fairfax and the Parliament's troops, and in other ways laboured valiantly to steer the family barque safe through the rocks and shoals of those stormy times.

In other respects, too, her life is full of interest. Her martial ardour may be considered an inheritance, for she was the granddaughter of William the Silent, and an aunt of hers, when a mere girl of seventeen, refused to surrender to a Catholic army a castle that was poorly provisioned, difficult to defend, and possessed of only two small culverins. The education of the "Lady of Lathom" is another interesting circumstance. This high-born little lady had to undergo a long series of floggings at the hands of her mother, her governess, and even her grandmother, a daughter of the great Coligny. They tried to break her spirit, but the siege of Lathom House shows how egregiously they failed.

Meanwhile her life-long friend, her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Trémoille, did her best to break the spirit of her feudal tenants by forcing them to build the truly

Marie Antoinette, after the King's Death.

From a portrait drawn in the Temple and presented to the Princess de Tarente.
From "From the Crusades to the French Revolution," by Winifred Stephens (Constable).

* "From the Crusades to the French Revolution. A History of the La Trémoille Family." By Winifred Stephens. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

magnificent Castle of Thouars. She seems to have had much the same passion for building as "Bess of Hardwick," of Chatsworth fame. Over this castle the author makes an unhappy slip. In one place she says that the people of Thouars had been "content" to slave on the building of it; in another that they "were so oppressed that for long afterwards they cursed her name and her memory." The fact that her picture alone of all the family portraits was smashed to pieces by the Revolutionary mob shows that the second statement is the more correct.

We must also take some exception to the excessive amount of praise showered upon the Prince de Talmont, "the hero of the Vendée." Relying only on these pages, one would gather that he was the heart and soul of the war; the fact being that he was not to be compared with La Rochejaquelein either in courage or ability. In disobeying his orders to let the fugitives have a clear road, he prevented the capture of Nantes, and altered the whole course of the war.

W. A. F.

PANTOMIME.*

It is often thought praise enough for a first book to say that it shows promise—a judgment hardly satisfying in the present, and subject to reversal on appeal by the future. For what seems to be promise may be in fact the top of achievement, like blossom which never quickens into fruit. A first novel may be that one book which, they say, it is in every man to write—the book in which he sums up his experience, his memories and ideas, and succeeds after all in making a tracing, rather than an imaginative rendering, of life. It is for the critic, then, to distinguish, if he can, the accomplishment from the promise, to discover and express what has actually been done, to trace any signs there may be of vitality and creative force.

"Pantomime" is a book that will not be labelled outright. It is neither stark realism, nor airy romanticism; nor indeed a just blending of the two, but perhaps, in the terminology of the chemist, a mixture rather than a compound. Where the author writes from knowledge, the characters live, the situations impose themselves; where she depends on imagination (and it is easy to mark the border-line), scenes and persons pass before us with the vividness of a cinematograph indeed, but are not "bodied forth." Structurally the story is simple. It is the history of a girlhood. The heroine, a Jewess, spends her childhood years in a society well-to-do, materialistic, starched with convention. Financial misfortune leads to endless, aimless wanderings with her mother and uncle, from hotel to hotel, *pension* to *pension*, eking out a small income with the petty economies of the homeless. As she grows older her soul is vexed with discontent, vague longings, gropings after a happiness in which, with the remembered excitements of an imaginative child, she sees herself playing Principal Girl to a Principal Boy in a life as light and coloured and irresponsible as a pantomime. She wants a lover, and finds a philanderer. Sickened by the inanities and disappointments of continual perambulation, she seeks a career, and joins an Academy of Histrionic Art, only to find that her acting makes no impression on the director, and to be thrown back once more upon herself. But she gains a lover, a fellow-student to whom she becomes engaged, and whom the practical uncle persuades to seek fortune in a city office. Fortune, however, is long in coming, and in a mood of desperation with her surroundings, Nan agrees to elope with her Boy. They are storm-bound at Dover on the way to Paris; Nan, resting in her room, is overwhelmed by a rush of the old conventions, the old ideals of "respectability," of orderly domesticity; she feels a shuddering fear that the Boy may fail her, and in a fever of fright slips away and takes train for London, whither her lover, himself recoiling from the idea of permanence, has already fled in a motor-car.

The plot, it will be seen, is no great matter, but in the treatment of it the author shows uncommon talent. Nan is a real, a charming person, portrayed with a sure and skilful hand. The descriptions of her peregrinations, of the dramatic school, of her family and friends and the people she meets, are instinct with acute and humorous observation. Her sensations and imaginings are related with insight and delicacy; one scene in particular, that in which, having sold her old clothing, she stands forth for the first time in all the consciousness of silken underwear, a new woman, is a remarkable exposition of feminine psychology. The dull, tidy-minded mother; the girl companions, with their *calineries* and curiosities; Sadie, the young married woman who seeks relief from dulness in a dangerous flirtation, and turns upon her lover when he becomes exigent, as a cat scratches the hand that strokes it: all these live and move. If the male characters are not all so successful, they are nevertheless closely observed, touched off with light strokes of humorous mockery that is never malicious; but drawn from the outside, rather than revealed from within. The Vicomte, with his airs and affectations, his epigrams and posturings, is like a figure out of the artificial comedy of the Restoration.

Technically the author's work reaches a high level of excellence. The style is easy, flexible, shot with colour and the sparkle of a pretty wit. In the difficult art of dialogue she shows a maturity remarkable in a first novel. Whatever the future may prove, "Pantomime" is itself an achievement—a work of exceptional ability and interest.

HERBERT STRANG.

* "Pantomime." By G. B. Stern. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

A SURVEY OF SOME RECENT HISTORICAL LITERATURE.

Among the historical productions of 1913 we must revert once more with special admiration to Mr. Gooch's "Historians of the Nineteenth Century," a book invaluable as distinguishing the main currents of investigation and historical theory from the days of Grote to the present day; and we perceive that in the *Révue des Deux Mondes* Monsieur Hanotaux, former foreign minister and biographer of Richelieu, has commenced a series of articles on history and historians upon somewhat analogous lines. Another important event has been the production by Messrs Macmillan of an illustrated edition of Macaulay's history, under the editorship of Professor Firth, a work of unique interest to which we hope to be able to revert later.

A book of exceptional value and interest, especially to Oxford students, is the set of Ford lectures delivered at Oxford some eight years ago by Mr. A. L. Smith, of Balliol, now published by the Clarendon Press, under the title of "Church and State in the Middle Ages." The institution is put under the microscope, and its actual working exhibited during the pontificate of Innocent IV. (Sinibaldo Fiesco)—that is to say, from 1243 to 1254. The author tries to disentangle the good and evil bound up with the connection between England and Rome, more particularly in the middle of the thirteenth century. The objects of clerical rule had been lofty, and, in spite of the abuse of centralisation, its first effects had probably been good. Even at the period of its acme the system of making Rome a Court of Cassation for the whole of Europe was severely criticised, though Mr. Smith shows conclusively that Matthew Paris's portrait of Grosseteste as a proto-Protestant was enormously overdrawn. It is impossible after reading Mr. Smith's pages not to feel a good deal of sympathy with the great mediæval idea of a Church-State. Up to the middle of the thirteenth century it is difficult to exaggerate the vast hold that the Papacy had upon Christendom, and especially upon England. The Papalists included the best minds of the day, whose intense conviction it was that on the connection with Rome depended the security of the National Church as against the secular power, also the discipline and purity of the Church itself, if not the whole prospect of future reform. The united

action of the civilised world in pursuit of the highest aims which it could conceive was the dominant thought of superior minds such as Grosseteste. The idea was a grand one even in its failure. The way in which the failure came about is demonstrated in these luminous pages as due primarily to the deflection of the Papacy from its higher aims to those of successful war, the building up of a secular dominion, and the organisation of a treasury sufficient to bear the brunt of such expensive schemes. The Curia became more and more a court and board of exchequer levying the highest toll it could imaginably extort from the faithful in all lands on behalf of a policy which sacrificed spiritual to material aggrandisement. The ideal thus brought to earth takes on something of the earth, earthy; it is subdued to the element it works in. The Papacy, by means of an almost preternatural patience and persistency, overcame its twin power, the empire. But it was a worse than Pyrrhic victory. Innocent IV. had taken the Church at its highest in the climax of the thirteenth century—that glorious flowering time of the middle ages—and in eleven years had destroyed half her power for good and had launched her irretrievably upon a downward course. He had crushed the greatest ruling dynasty since the Cæsars, and ruined the greatest attempt at government since the fall of Rome. In ruining the empire he had ruined also the future of the Papacy.

A book of like power and originality is that of Mr. Henry Wickham Steed (Constable, 7s. 6d.) on the Hapsburg Monarchy. This is a pleasant variety from the *crambè repetita* about the harlequin character of the Austrian dominions—a bundle of races, creeds, traditions and tongues tied together by an august family—and fatuous speculation as to what may or may not happen when Francis Joseph dies. It is an original survey of the Hapsburg States, their conditions, character and problems from the point of view of a close, accurate and entirely modern observer. The two most powerful factors in the show, according to Mr. Steed, are the monarchy and the Jews. The Hapsburg Family Mission on one side, the Jewish journalists at the other extreme, and between the ubiquitous bureaucracy and "Vienna." Vienna, it should be noted, represents both a capital city and an *état d'ame*. The reputation of Vienna for gaiety dates from 1814, when the Congress danced, but failed to progress. If men could live on gaiety and rolls Vienna would be sublime. What "Vienna" lacks is soul. In this it is characteristic of the state of which it is the centre. Men of Vienna do not lack talent, but talent lacks men. What Vienna lacks is moral consciousness. Faith and idealism vanish under its blighting breath. To trace the genesis of Vienna would be to write the psychological history of the Austrian Empire. Mr. Steed does this to a great extent. He exhibits the dirty, corrupt, chaffering, "cow-dealing" side of modern parliamentarism. He seems to have a first-hand knowledge of Austrian finance. Backward as Austria is in some respects, in others it seems to be prefiguring the future. The strong tendency of capital to agglomeration, the decay of individualism, not only in trade and industry, but also in finance, before monopolistic organisation are seen in Vienna with startling clearness.

The Jewish question the author deems to be second to none in importance for anyone who would understand the Dual Monarchy. The Jews may be the salt of the earth; but you cannot dine off salt. Wherever they coexist in bulk there is pretty sure to be trouble. Prosperity invariably leads the Jew into two apparently irresistible mistakes: first the immoderate display of material egotism, secondly forgetfulness of the fact that he is in the last analysis an Asiatic, and failure to recognise the profound difference between the Jewish and non-Jewish mentality. With this failure goes the failure to realise how strongly the tide of anti-Jewish feeling is running in highly-civilised countries—especially, it seems, in Germany and German Austria. The author concludes that monarchy holds its own in the Hapsburg States, and that by a paramount use of the skill in trafficking between rival policies and jarring national aspirations, which centuries of experience has developed, it may retain a unique place among the potential forces of Europe. Each constituent part of the empire in turn, as circumstances tend to strengthen or weaken their "pull," encounters successfully the severity, indifference or benignant favour of the Hapsburg in office. The Magyars have mainly had the pull since 1867, but their tenure of the imperial smile seems to be coming to an end. Vienna seems inclined at the moment to coquet with the Ruthenian element in its polyglot empire largely because of the fear of their relapsing into the orthodoxy of a Panslavic Russia. All in turn hate and try to bite the hand of the charioteer, but more than any Hapsburg alienation they dread the possibility of being left outside the parcel which by sheer fact of continuance has engendered a certain obscure sense of belonging together. Altogether this is a most remarkable book, indispensable to publicists, and worthy of anything of the kind from the pen of Sir Charles Dilke at his best. The writer for ten years has studied Austria and Austrian problems from the point of vantage offered by the position of *Times* correspondent. His splendid work and Sombart's will lead to a better understanding of problems which at the time are calling for serious treatment more persistently than any other problems of old Europe.

Dr. Pollard's "Reign of Henry VII., from Contemporary Sources" (Longman) is the first volume of a source-book for this reign to be completed in three volumes—I., narrative; II., economic and social; III., diplomacy, religion, Ireland—and is dictated by considerations of scholastic utility. Whether it is desirable to spoon-feed pupils of special periods by the preparation of specialised handbooks seems to me very open to question. Difficulties have always to be surmounted in the quest of contemporary evidence, and it seems rather unwise to spare the pupil who aspires to get up a special period or subject from documents a foretaste of these difficulties while he is still an undergraduate. But the collection has a distinct historic-literary, apart from a scholastic, value, and it furnishes a pretext for a very pretty and illuminating essay on the reign by way of introduction from the pen of the professor. From the student point of view the Introduction is a dangerous bit of suggestion. The author's style—rich in analogy and metaphor—makes it fatally persuasive, if not, indeed, seductive, to the young historian. But Dr. Pollard at least points out with great candour the existence of the danger. One contemporary authority tells us that Henry VII. spent all his leisure poring over his accounts, another that he only cared for amusements; against assertions that he spent nothing we have to set the sums we know he lavished on jewels and entertainments, and against Morton's Fork and Empson's fines we must set the release (on evidence at least as irrefragable) of all prisoners in London for debts of less than forty shillings. His haggling with Ferdinand of Aragon over the distressful Catherine's dower conflicts with the charm of his correspondence with his mother; and his harshness to Warwick and Suffolk with his fidelity to his ministers, only one of whom encountered the fate so common to Tudor statesmen. "The simple facts of history prove on examination to be as fictitious and fallacious as the 'elements' of geometry or of chemistry." Of all our kings, Henry VII. is perhaps the foxiest. There was nothing divine about his descent, and though, says Mr. Pollard, "something was made of the *verum Dei judicium* at the Battle of Bosworth, the God of Battles was a fickle and dangerous deity to invoke. Hymen might be more stedfast, and Henry's marriage with Elizabeth of York was as essential to his position as was William III.'s with Mary to his." Henry's prescription (says our guide, in conclusion, and very characteristically), Henry's prescription for England's disorders was a sedative toned with iron and administered with unflinching resolution. For the general student this is a book of useful design and of exceptional value. Some of the documents have not hitherto been printed. We hope to revert to it when the collection is nearer completion. The second volume ought to be particularly interesting.

The second volume arrives as I am correcting this, and fully corroborates the anticipation. There is, perhaps, rather more Latinity in the Social section than the English student may appreciate. But the selections are skilfully made. The entries of expenditure from the King's Privy Purse are distinctly amusing. For instance, for a barometer (called a "pronosticacon"), 6s. 8d.; for taking crown jewels out of pawn, £350; for a "lyon," £2 13s. 4d.; for a leopard, £13 6s. 8d.; for King Richard's Tombe, £10; for a mountebanke eating coals, 6s. 8d.; for a wrestling priest at "Cecetr," 6s. 8d.; to a Spaniard that played the fool, £2; to the young damoysell that daunceth, £30. Puzzling, this last entry; evidently a Salome dance!

Mr. Heatley's "Studies in British History and Politics" (Smith, Elder) arouses an interest in the receptive power of the author's Edinburgh students. Mr. Heatley generalises with some sagacity, though no great originality; but he conveys his conclusions and reflections through the medium of sentences of such portentous length, complexity and conditionality that we have found it quite impossible, owing to preoccupation with the syntactical turn of the sentence, to keep any consecutive touch with the curve of the lecturer's ideas. How do his classes manage if he habitually talks like this? From whom did he derive this eccentric and exorbitant fashion of postponing the fall of his sentence? One doubts whether Mr. Henry James himself could surpass sentences of such tantalising quality as the following:

"If again, we view Britain, with her equipment and responsibilities, as she has been adjudged by the comprehensive intellect of a Montesquieu or the political and expedient sense of a Friedrich von Gentz, or even, in spite of prejudice and perversion, by the average, well-informed, continental mind of Europe during times of crises for Britain, as in 1800 and in 1900, we reach by a more circuitous and less sure path a somewhat similar result—that England and Britain have prospered through regard for law and for liberty, for burden as well as privilege, for duties accepted and enforced and not merely for rights easily proclaimed, and that to the British genius and type of mind, undoubtedly composite but with constituents that prevail, we must ascribe distrust of mere theory, incapacity to follow theory through, and disinclination to submit or to be subjected to it; that to it belong sagacity and balance, as of the Roman, not the alertness of the Athenian, a certain narrowness of vision when more than the immediate issue is in question, but a sureness of foot for the day, a liking for precedent and attachment to the real and the feasible, readiness to make surrenders by way of compromise for convenience, for peace of mind and the satisfying, unideal conduct of everyday vocations."

Here is another characteristic passage:

"Thus, also, the second Pitt in his constructive statesmanship before the French Revolution seeks at once to organise and make harmonious the machinery of the State, and to work upon and to expand the basis of the nation and of a new society, entitled to political recognition in Britain; and, while in his later schemes of State he departed in outward effort from the spirit of his earlier reforms and positive endeavours, this and not more can be charged historically against him, that he misconceived, though less obliquely than Burke, the immediate and impending evils for his own country from a political cataclysm in France: he shrank, but over-cautiously shrank, from applying and persisting in a policy which, in happier days, had been held by him to be safe and statesmanlike, and had been made by him his own, but which amid the new conditions was dreaded by him as expedient, as possibly subversive, and an encouragement to those who would imperil the State and rights established."

The author seems happier when he is describing and expounding the work of individual historians like Maitland and documenting the same with references and notes. Maitland, however, never let an idea go until he had overcome it in single combat and made its meaning as clear as it was possible for our language to render it. Mr. Heatley could not possibly find a better examplar.

It is interesting to be able to record the completion of Professor Oman's "History of England," in seven volumes (Methuen). Almost simultaneously we have to note the completion of Sir James Ramsay's eight volumes beginning with the "Foundations" and concluding with "1485." These two series and Longman's political history (in twelve volumes) have been in progress for about a decade or more. Both the complete histories are very uneven. But the best volumes in the "Political" deal with the Tudor period, while the merit of the Methuen series is chiefly concentrated in Volumes I. and II., covering the period from the creation down to 1300. The two new volumes respectively are "England in the Later Middle Ages" (1272–1485), by Kenneth Vickers, and "England since Waterloo," by J. A. R. Marriott, and between them they fill up the two remaining gaps. The two volumes are of very even merit; they take nothing for granted; they give numerous references, especially the volume by Mr. Vickers; they are compendious, they seek to omit nothing of any possible importance. But really successful history can only be written by dint of imagination; and these two authors don't trust theirs nearly enough. Mr. Marriott speaks expressly of the gradual saturation he has undergone in the materials; but saturation is comparatively ineffective unless it leads to a little more vigorous reaction upon materials than we see here. This is the more desirable inasmuch as the pre-existence of the political history points the way here to specialisation on social questions rather than on the minute chronological registry of political events.

Mr. Vickers is best where he is most happy—that is in traversing a jungle of detail and making no effort at all to see over the tops of the trees. Thus his volume appears to most advantage in the reign of Henry V. In the early portions his book seems to have been ruthlessly cut down, but here it is left relatively full; and the fuller the better. Mr. Marriott is good in just the opposite way. He is best where he is sketching quite rapidly and using a little historical stenography, as in the chapters on "Peace without Plenty," the "Growth of the British Power in India," "England and Italy," or "Colonial Developments." The maps, as is usual in this series, are of special interest. Five hundred pages are devoted to text, and fifty more to authorities, tables and index. The seventh volume has a full table of contents, the third merely a list of chapters. This is surely bad editing. We can only hope to see the omission remedied in a subsequent issue.

A valuable companion to the book of Mr. Vickers and to the two well-known volumes of Miss Abram is supplied by Mr. L. F. Salzmann's "English Industries of the Middle Ages" (Constable). The book forms a splendid introduction to the industrial history of pre-capitalistic England. The sixteenth century (as Mr. R. H. Tawney points out so well in his "Agrarian Problem under the Tudors"), and early seventeenth form the period of transition, and these chapters are devoted to mining, quarrying, metal-working, pottery, cloth-making, leather-working and brewing, mainly in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Based to a considerable extent upon the special studies of local industries contributed by Mr. Vellacott and others to the Victoria county history, this erudite but interesting volume concludes with a chapter upon the control of mediæval industries, whether by Parliament or by the craft guilds.

Mr. A. L. Guérard's "French Civilisation in the Nineteenth Century" (Unwin) is exactly what it professes to be—an historical introduction to the study of modern French activity in whatever form—a tableau of French progress and French problems, from 1800 to the present day. The writer excels in conciseness and clearness. It is surprising what an amount of information and suggestion he manages to condense into 250 pages. The modern newspaper-reader will find extremely useful his accounts of the Dreyfus case, the Radical Block, Syndicalism, Rénanism, Modernism, the Separation Law, Sillonism, and the like. The author speaks very frankly on the *plaies* of modern France, the dram shop, the barrack, the birth-rate, and the petty bureaucracy, but he hopes for salvation less from the colonial empire of France than from her inherited wealth in land, money, culture, historic tradition, prestige. An old nation, a wounded nation, perhaps, but one whose heart throbs unconquerably still with invigorating life. Why are historical books so dear in England—12s. 6d.?

Another book which has appeared posthumously is the fourth volume of Dr. James Gairdner's "Lollardy in England" (Macmillan) the work, still unfinished, of an octogenarian. The present volume, comprising Books VII.

and VIII., is confined to the first year of Queen Mary's reign and, like its predecessors, commits its author to a strongly anti-Protestant view. This, however, carries less weight, from the fact that the late Dr. Gairdner was essentially an archivist, not an historian. As an editor of rolls and calendars he did work of the very first importance, but his power of generalising and interpreting was small, and even in the matter of arrangement, as seen in his varied editions of the "Paston Letters," his mind was never wholly free from inextricable muddles. Yet he was a scholar of unflagging industry and complete sincerity, and students of the future will be increasingly grateful to him for the diligence of his labours for the Royal Historical Society and the Record Office. He was Assistant Keeper of the Records from 1859 to 1900.

A pioneer book of the record type, which is also to be mentioned here, is Dr. Thomas James Walker's "History of The Depôt for Prisoners of War at Norman Cross, Huntingdonshire, 1796 to 1816" (Constable, 10s. 6d.). This affords, from materials never before used, a very curious and minute account of the arrangements made for the interning of French captives during the Great War. The result gains in impressiveness from the fact that pastoral landscape, distinguished only by a couple of wells and some almost obliterated grass graves, marks the spot where ten thousand French prisoners lived under strict guard, worked laboriously at straw-plait, marquetry, and other prison industries, planned impossible escapes, and hoped against hope for the termination of the war. The prison was demolished in 1816, and has here been reconstituted, with interesting illustrations and pitiful historical details and appendices, exclusively from documentary material.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

ASSORTED CRIME.*

It is rather a shock to read, in the opening sentence of a chapter in Mr. Tighe Hopkins' new book, that he was the last inmate of the condemned cell of Newgate Prison.

"The silence was as deep as in any hour of the twenty-four it ever could have been in that place; and out of the silence came the great clock of St. Paul's flinging over the City its melodious noon."

Mr. Hopkins, however, has no intention of harrowing our feelings. It is only his way of introducing the personal touch to a farewell study of Old Newgate on the eve of its demolition—the touch that gives life to so many of the dry bones of history and crime which go to the making of this book of excellent gossip. Not all the chapters seem, at first sight, to justify their inclusion under the heading of "The Romance of Fraud," but the author has an ingenious knack of coaxing the unlikeliest subjects within reach of his capacious net.

The chapter on tattooing, for example, will surprise most people who have not read the arguments of Lombroso and his school in favour of stamping that art as characteristic of the habitual criminal. It may be as well for Dame Fashion to remember this, lest she should be tempted to revive the ridiculous craze of a few years ago, when ladies of Smart Society boasted of patterns on their calves, and garters tattooed beneath the knee. Not that Dame Fashion would be likely, I suppose, to taboo tattooing merely because men of science had labelled it the hall mark of crime.

Between the fashionable garters of yesterday and the tailless hippo of Ancient Egypt lies a vast gulf, but Mr. Hopkins succeeds in bridging it with enviable ease. The tailless hippo, it seems—"sole survivor of an Ark antecedent to Noah's"—can be made to order as surely, if not quite so quickly, as the tattooer's imprint. It is merely part of a whole world of fraud which manufactures every kind of "antique" for the guileless trippers to Egypt and elsewhere, from royal mummies to pseudo-mediæval glass, the last of which, we are told, is turned out by the ton. Other chapters are full of curious lore and intimate knowledge of such varied topics as the Inquisition; prison life and its recreations; the Man in the Iron Mask; the author discussing some of the theories regarding that inscrutable mystery which have been put forward since his own book on the subject was published in 1901; Fouquier-Tinville, "the Man-Eater of the Terror," whose life by Alphonse Dunoyer was recently issued in an English edition; and the close connection between crime and superstition in all parts of the world. The professional criminal appears to be a firm believer in charms.

"Whatever may be the practice of the British fraternity in this respect," writes the author, "there are few continental thieves bold enough to dispense with an amulet of some sort. A small magic scroll, or a certain formula that is supposed to render him invisible while in the act of committing his crime, will be suspended from his neck, or tied around the waist, or bestowed in a secret pocket."

Mr. Hopkins is welcome to expose as many frauds and superstitions as he pleases, but he might have left the pirates a little of the glamour which we still love to associate with those reckless heroes of our youth.

"No," [says the remorseless Mr. Hopkins], "piracy rejects, upon the peremptory mandate of historical fact, all patent of nobility. The pirate is no more to be ennobled than the footpad.

By permission of Mr. W. Heinemann. **The Trial of Marie Antoinette.**

From "The Romance of Fraud," by Tighe Hopkins (Chapman & Hall).

* "The Romance of Fraud." By Tighe Hopkins. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

His differentiation from the commonest longshore thief is merely that his emprise was on a bigger and more imposing scale, and his chances of profit enormously greater. The garb of hero is a giant's robe to him. . . . As for the risks of his adventures, the business-like pirate calculated them as a jobber on 'Change estimates the chances of the market."

All that may be distressingly true, but in spite of Mr. Hopkins, and the lurid facts which he brings to light in support of his argument—including that of the buccaneer, whose grim jest it was to lop off the ears of an English skipper and make him eat them with pepper and salt—I, for one, shall still believe in the halo of romance which has surrounded the Jolly Roger for me as long as I care to remember.

FRANK A. MUMBY.

MANY VERSES.

Mrs. Huxley's volume of verse[1] is interesting in more ways than one. It is prefaced by three poems written by her husband, of which one at least—the third, "Westminster Abbey"—is worthy to be called a poem. The remaining verses in this volume, fairly considerable in number, are from the pen of Mrs. Huxley herself. They show us a lofty and spiritual nature, a noble philosophy of life, and those qualities of heart and mind which so eminently befitted the life-long helpmate of the great scientist, who was a visionary and a man of letters as well. Her poetry is simple, ardent and tender. Her grace of diction and flow of music do not fail her. But, when all is said and done, the great interest of the book lies in those glimpses of personal character which show on what a heart one of England's greatest men could rest his head.

"On Passive Service"[2] is a very suggestive and interesting book. It is, in fact, full of poetry, of poetry not always clearly expressed, but there in the matrix, so to speak. Mrs. Andrews never writes anything that she does not feel, and there is always a thought round which the poem is built up. One cannot turn a page without finding a felicity and a revelation. With so much to give us, Mrs. Andrews ought not to make her message difficult. She is excellently equipped for a poet if she would but convey her thought to us more clearly and simply. The thought is always certain and beautiful, as in those poems of the wife whose husband is separated from her by the world's width. One feels the sheer surprise of joy that comes with poetry—and yet, the expression lacks something of clearness. She has not found the inevitable word.

Here in a very tiny book[3] is some very delightful poetry, which might well set itself out to attract in a less modest garb. Miss Westermain's expression—Elizabeth Westermain: what a name for a poet!—is peculiarly felicitous. Over and over again one feels that here is some authentic gem from the Greek anthology. Music, colour, enchantment, the breath of roses, are in this tiny book; but, when one would quote, one turns to a little poem which expresses a grief and a want common to all the ages. It is a sad little Lullaby:

"Light is rising o'er the daisies,
Larks are singing in the corn,
Little lambs are frisking, bleating,
Towards the waiting pastures fleeting,
Lullaby, sweet babe unborn.

Other mothers hush their nestlings
In the sunset; I at morn;
All the silver night I hold thee,
Only then in dreams enfold thee,
Lullaby, sweet babe unborn.

Lullaby, sweet babe that lacks me;
Lullaby, my heart is torn!
In what clear and airy meadow
Lurk'st thou, far beyond our shadow?
Lullaby, sweet babe unborn.

In what verdant pasture playest?
Little babe, thou art forsworn.
For thou dost disdain the portal,
Little rosy child immortal,
Lullaby, sweet babe unborn."

From the author of "The Tramping Methodist" we look for rugged force and dramatic passion, and we find it in the haunting passion of "Willow Forge."[4] This is arresting poetry, strong and brave, with imaginative vision. There is not one thing in the book which is negligible—from the Hardy-like ballad which gives the book its name to the trampling music of its close. The irregularities of the verse are oddly in keeping with the emotional qualities. If there is now and again a discord it is right, as though the hands fell suddenly on the chords. The book is alive with personality.

"Echoes"[5] is gracious with a gentle and sensitive poetry, full of the scents, the sounds, the colours of English gardens, conceived with the gentle thoughts of a sheltered life, *Hortus inclusus*, the sheltered garden which is given to those who are not violent, but lie still in the Hand that allots them their fate. The diction is singularly pure and flowing. "Echoes" is too modest a title, for the book has its own delicate revelation and message.

Mr. Hole's poetic drama, "The Master,"[6] is a pathetic and moving piece of work, and it hardly needs the introduction by Mr. Stephen Phillips, since it is quite equal to winning its own way. The dramatic energy is well sustained throughout, and there are passages of considerable poetic beauty, marked by great simplicity and grace of diction. If one might make a suggestion, it would be that the short lines occurring so often break up the flow of the verse and make it less stately than it would be otherwise.

Yet another poetical drama is "Tristram and Iseult."[7] Martha Kinross is a new name in poetry so far as I know, and this play must make it an honoured one. It is a bold thing to give us yet another version of the great story, but Mrs. Kinross is justified of her temerity. This is a swift, beautiful, passionate play, the background of the Arthurian tapestry, but the central figures of the drama living, loving, and suffering, with the fierce energy which belongs for all time to the story of Tristram and Iseult.

Mr. Strong's translations of the Ballades of Théodore de Banville[8] are always good and sometimes brilliant. His book is quite adequate and makes very delightful reading. If one does not find the tripping gaiety of such a master of these forms as was, for instance, W. E. Henley, it is still deft and very pleasant. Let us say grace for meat *and* fish!

Mr. Mackereth[9] is always a poet of a lofty aim. He never takes his message lightly, and he is a true craftsman, for his work grows in artistry. He is always sensible that he is a poet, and one feels, in reading his poems, the rapture of the maker in them. He gives us few surprises, but he is always beautiful and dignified and worthy, and his faculty for expression, his music, his art, grow from book to book.

"Columbine"[10] is a new edition of a very pretty, artificial little play, very deftly and charmingly written, with a batch of verses, nearly always gay, at the end. It will appeal to lovers of "Prunella" and "The Pierrot of the Minute." The illustrations are exceedingly clever.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

[1] "Poems of Henrietta A. Huxley." 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)
[2] "On Passive Service." By Margaret Lovell Andrews. 2s. 6d. net. (Max Goschen.)
[3] "Helen's Mirror." By Elizabeth Westermain. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)
[4] "Willow Forge." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Erskine Macdonald.)
[5] "Echoes." By A. L. Anderson. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)
[6] "The Master." By W. G. Hole. (Erskine Macdonald.)
[7] "Tristram and Iseult." By Martha Kinross. 3s. net. (Macmillan.)
[8] "The Ballades of Théodore de Banville." Rendered by A. T. Strong. 3s. net. (Macmillan.)
[9] "On the Face of a Star." By James A. Mackereth. 2s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)
[10] "Columbine." By Reginald Arkell. 1s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

THE MAORIS *

The title of Mr. Newman's book has passed the lips of everyone who ever came into contact with the natives of New Zealand. Of all the coloured races of the Southern Hemisphere, none stimulates such interest as do the Maoris. Their physical and intellectual virility are of a quality that suggests transmission from some great ancestry, just as their hardihood and spirit of adventure may be traits descended from heroic wanderers.

New Zealand—with its wonderful beaches and mountains, its miraculous hot springs, its gracious vegetation and climate—is becoming widelier known of recent years—people on this side of the world are even forming the habit of "running down" there for a little fishing or mountaineering, or to study the unique social conditions of the Dominion. And no one visits the country, or lives in it, without feeling an interest in its natives and putting the question of their origin.

Mr. Newman has taken practical steps to find an answer to his question. He has spent years in patient research, both in personal investigation and in study of connecting links of evidence left by great authorities on the history of eastern peoples. He followed the trail discovered by Mr. Percy Smith, author of "Hawaiki," who established proof of the existence of Maoris in the Malay Archipelago from 500 B.C. to A.D. 1100. Here Mr. Newman found many clues pointing to their previous existence in India. Step by step he has gone back over the route of the Great Migration, and over a period of three thousand years, till he placed them originally in Northern India and identified them with "the Maureyu, or Maurea," quoted by Phayre as "a great people of Bengal when it was the kingdom of Ava."

"By the word Maori," he says, "I mean the brown-skinned race called Polynesian by European writers. Maoris inhabit New Zealand, Hawaii, Easter Island, Samoa, Raratonga, Tonga, Tahiti, and scores of other islands. They are all one race—one by parentage in a common fatherland in Asia; one race in colour, blood, tradition, and religion. They used variations of the word in different dialects. In Hawaii they were Maoli; in other places they were Morioro, Mori, and so on. But Maori was their common name."

The rigid conservatism of Maoris in their racial traditions appears to have made it almost startlingly easy for Mr. Newman to establish his theory and to locate the places of occupation by the Maoris in their downward route from India. Especially conservative are they in their religion, and no one can know of its chants and spells and stories without feeling they have an ancient and highly poetic origin.

Altogether Mr. Newman claims he "has discovered the lost history of the Maori race," that he has "proved conclusively the route of the Great Migration from the banks of the Indus to New Zealand," and that "the Maoris are an Aryan-Mongolic people but dominantly Caucasian." In support of this is a book crammed full of information that should be of value to students of its subject, or to anyone who visits its countries. It is a mine of treasure in its wealth of Maori and Hindu folklore and myth—a contribution to literature in fact, though the author has not paused to give great literary finish to his work—he has been too eager to impart its fundamental matter. But here is unlimited material for embroiderers of fairy tale, legend and song.

* "Who are the Maoris?" By A. K. Newman. 7s. 6d. net. (New Zealand: Whitcombe & Tombs).

SIX NOVELS.

I am looking for some man or woman, boy or girl, who does not write, or play, or act, or sing, or paint, or orate, or, indeed, do any of the things that are more or less artistic, either professionally or as an amateur. I am looking for the simple soul who is content to sit and look on and attend and applaud. I am looking for the audience. For at present it really does seem to me that we are approaching that state of social being in which the people earned a precarious livelihood by taking in one another's washing. The compliments on my own work that used to mantle my young cheek with blushes are all become suspect to me now. If a man tells me that he liked my last novel I am pleased, of course—until I realize that he only tells me this because he wants me to say that I liked his last book of verses. On my word it is atrocious, an abomination, that there should be so many of us. And the worst of all are these new-comers, these boys and girls I have never before heard of, whose books look quite as important as mine in the bookshops, and whose names bulk just as large in the advertisement-columns. Yet, even so, I could forgive them if they were duffers at their business. I could smile blandly upon their maiden efforts, if only those maiden efforts made me smile in another way as well. But the plague of it is that I am bound to respect and even to admire them. For their work is good.

Of the six books reviewed in this too brief article there is not one which has not some distinction, some individual claim to considered appreciation. There is not one that the conscientious critic could lightly dismiss with a few stereotyped catchwords of faint praise. And only one of them is written by an author of impregnably established reputation.

That one is "The Master of Merripit,"[1] by Eden Phillpotts. Mr. Phillpotts, I am sure, would not claim for this his latest production, that it is as good as he can do. He would not wish it to be ranked with "The Mother" or "The Secret Woman." It was obviously written in the intervals of more strenuous toil: a holiday task. Which is not to say that it is not fine stuff of its kind: good, honest romance, well-conceived, well-knit, well-written. It is a variation on the old theme of the love-test. Two men are set a task to win a maiden, she herself to be the prize. It is a capital story, brisk and moving, with no pause in its headlong course from title-page to colophon. But why does Mr. Phillpotts seem to subscribe to the popular fallacy that a bully is always a coward? Surely the gentle Elia exploded that silly superstition long ago.

In a very different genre is "The Duchess of Wrexe,"[2] by Hugh Walpole, with whose work I was, until this present, unfortunate enough to be wholly unfamiliar. This is a novel which one would like to praise unequivocally, and one might do that with a clear conscience, if one had less respect for the author's fine literary talent and less lofty hopes of his future. The story is of the end of the last century, that acutely transitional time, when all the ancient privileges of high caste tottered to their fall, and democracy, in the guise of the efficient person as opposed to the mere aristocrat, made its force felt above all other forces in our national affairs. The study of the Duchess is worthy to rank beside that of Old Mel in "Evan Harrington." It is true that Old Mel was dead before the story began, whereas the duchess lives to within a few pages of the end of Mr. Walpole's book; but she—like Old Mel—is merely an influence throughout, taking no active part in the destinies she controls. But it is just in the matter of these destinies—as figured forth in a bewildering array of deft character-studies—that Mr. Walpole fails, I think. He is too serious, too eager, too hard. He lacks the salt of humour to flavour his satire and make it palatable. A little more mellowness and a little less tartness, a little more softness of outline, and a little less austerity, a little more kindliness and a little less cynicism: given these saving qualities and one could hail in "The Duchess of Wrexe" something approaching a masterpiece.

We have these saving qualities in "The Way Home,"[3] but alas! the theme here is not enkindling. The earlier chapters of the book are quite delightful. The study of the boy, Charlie Grace, is as good as any boy-study in literature. David Copperfield was not more clearly realized or more compellingly portrayed. Indeed the character-studies throughout are first-class; and so is the quiet

[1] "The Master of Merripit." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)
[2] "The Duchess of Wrexe." By Hugh Walpole. 6s. (Martin Secker.)
[3] "The Way Home." By Basil King. 6s. (Methuen.)

strong humour excellent. It is the theme that irks one: the theme of a nice boy falling upon materialism and becoming that basest of creatures, the soulless money-getter, the kind of man who cares not what he does or whom he injures, so long as he himself makes good. Toward the end of the book one sees that he is coming home, coming back to his real better self; but then it is too late; the harm is done, and the doer of all that wickedness is himself of no more account in the world. A fine book, nevertheless, and one which, judged by any but the highest standards, might be acclaimed a complete success.

"Katya"[4] is a novel in yet another vein. It is labelled a romance, but it is hardly that. For in its meticulous fidelity to the facts of life and human nature it is somehow reminiscent of Tolstoy's "War and Peace." Yet, on reflection, it embodies the essentials of romance in that it tells of unusual things happening to usual people. There is no plot. The story (presumably) presents a faithful picture of average Russian life in a typical Russian environment: the Ukraine, in this instance. It covers many years, and thus is epical in its range, though principally it has for its lurid background the Russian-Japanese War. The heroine, Katya, is a woman much loved, who dallies in turn with three of her suitors and marries two of them. The inner workings of her heart are revealed with all that effect of magical intimacy which seems almost indecent in a man. Space forbids more than a passing reference to the old General Karatayef, who works secretly at embroidery to supplement his income, or to Mikailo, a coachman, the stalwart of the drama, forceful and calm, a striking contrast to all the other feverish, hectic folk with whom he has to do. As a translation from the Danish this book reflects great credit on the translator, although a seemingly inevitable effect of slightly strained language, occasionally almost high-falutin', slightly mars what can be otherwise extolled as a romance at once worth reading for its own sake as well as for the sake of the vision it vouchsafes of contemporary Russian life in an artistocratic household.

"Dust from the Loom"[5] has also a foreign setting: Santiago. The theme of the story is one of the oldest, but so adroitly manipulated that its interest never flags, and one does not realize even dimly what an old, old theme it is, after all, until one has reached the end. So, it would not be fair to disclose the plot. It is enough to commend the tale for its instant strong appeal to those primitive emotions in all of us, which thrill us and make us want to laugh and melt us to the sentimental mood. And this result is really due to certain tricks of style: the style of Mr. Noble's writing is at once incisive and picturesque, vehement and at the same time restrained. Nor does the book lack humour. In Liseta we have yet another variant on the old serving-woman, but she is none the less an original for that. A case-hardened reviewer confesses to having read this book through at a single sitting—and it is quite a long book—and to have found refreshment and entertainment in every page of it.

Miss Mills Young must not think that because I have relegated her book to the last I esteem it as the least worthy on my list.[6] On the contrary, I am not at all sure that it is not the best of the bunch. It is a story of strong elemental passions, powerfully rendered and exquisitely set forth against the picturesque background of the veldt. One senses the heat and the dust and the scents of the veldt in these glowing pages. And the glory and the glamour and the pain of love, frustrate and triumphant, is so poignantly expressed as to wring the heart. To those in search of pretty-pretty make believe, fake and fudge, this book is not likely to appeal; but to those who like to see life reflected in the handglass of truth it is one to be unreservedly commended.

EDWIN PUGH.

[4] "Katya." By Franz De Jessen. 6s. (Heinemann.)
[5] "Dust from the Loom." By Edward Noble. 6s. (Constable.)
[6] "The Purple Mists." By F. E. Mills Young. 6s. (John Lane.)

THE DARK CONTINENT AGAIN.

The supply of books on Africa seems absolutely inexhaustible. True, there is an amazing amount of good copy yet to be extracted from the Dark Continent, and, doubtless, there are still books which will become classics waiting to be written, but the authors—amateur authors, for the most part—who venture into print with expensive columns, should make sure before publication that the ground has not been covered already.

Mr. F. C. Selous gave us the best Big Game books we shall ever have, so far as Africa is concerned. He is the last of the Great Hunters, the very doyen of Nimrods, and he did his work in those days when the hunter was also pioneer, explorer, and hero. He went into the wilds, a thousand miles ahead of the railway, five hundred miles ahead of even a semblance of British law, taking his life in his hands, amongst natives even more dangerous than the wild beasts, and, for that reason, his simple, straightforward narratives have an immense value.

The latter-day hunter has all the resources of civilisation behind him. His comfort is regulated merely by the size of his bank balance. Every year, the number of men who go to Africa in search of big game increases, and a very large proportion of these are seized with a wholly unjustifiable desire to write a book about their deeds, despite the fact that ex-President Roosevelt, with the record of the carnival of slaughter carried out by himself and his professional assistants, practically killed the sale of this type of work.

I am sorry that Captain Mosse tried to make a conventional shooting book out of his adventures.[1] He is too able a writer, and too thorough a sportsman, for that sort of thing. A score of other men might have done the accounts of his shooting trips; hundreds of other men have had similar adventures; but very few could have written the most admirable chapters on rifles and equipment. Those are indeed valuable, and should be studied by all who think of going out into country where dangerous game is to be found. They more than compensate for the conventional features in the first part of the volume. There is room for a text-book on the subject, and Captain Mosse is obviously the man to write it. I shall look forward to its publication.

It is impossible to review a book of the type of "A Captain of the Gordons,"[2] because the volume is really an intimate private document, which, through a mistake, has come before the public. It consists, almost entirely, of extracts from letters written by the late Captain David Miller, of the Gordon Highlanders, the sub-editing and arrangement having been done by his mother and his sister.

Captain Miller was a very gallant gentleman, a splendid servant of the Empire, and his early death was little short of a tragedy. Literally, he laid down his life for his country, dying, whilst still very young, worn out by active service in South Africa and Somaliland.

On the other hand, his letters show him to have been as modest as he was brave, and, looking at this large and expensive volume, with its obvious padding, one feels that the man himself would have shrunk from the publicity which it is attempted to give to his simple, straightforward narrative. There is not enough in the book to attract the man in the street, not enough even to attract the average library subscriber. It should have been brought out either for private circulation only, or else in a very much cheaper form. To-day there are far too many of these expensive books, which, on examination, prove to contain only some fifty or sixty thousand words.

In this case, the lamentable thing is that Captain Miller could write, and, had he been spared, he might have produced a book which would have lived; but these extracts from hurriedly-written letters certainly do not

[1] "My Somali Book." Captain A. H. E. Mosse. 12s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)
[2] "A Captain of the Gordons." Edited by Mrs. Miller and Miss Miller. 10s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

do him justice. Much must have been cut out of them, yet purely boyish expressions, such as a man might write to a sister, are left in.

Here and there, one gets brilliant things, little bits which make you realise that the Empire lost a genius, as well as a hero, when this young officer died.

"It is hard to describe a battle—there is so little to describe. The infantry soldier sees nothing except the men on either side of him, and the ground in front. He hears the crackle of the enemy's fire somewhere—he does not know where—he hears the whit! whit! of the bullets, and, every now and then, he knows vaguely someone near him is hit—he feels the smell of the powder (cordite), and the hot, oily smell of his rifle . . . that is the infantry soldier's battle—very nasty—very tiring—very greasy—very hungry—very thirsty—everything very beastly. No glitter—no excitement—no nothing. Just bullets and dirt."

The man who wrote those words in a letter to his own people—they simply reek with truth—could certainly have written a great book later on. He would have been one of the brilliant exceptions. The Service could never have made of him a dull and prosy snob, though it would probably have tried to get rid of him because of his brains, not loving brilliant men who can use a pen as well as a sword.

And so I am sorry about this book. The making of it has been a labour of love for those who had the best of reasons for loving the dead man, and to them every honour is due. Yet I wish they had done the thing in another form. It is not what he did, but what he was, that matters in this case, and only by the most careful reading can you realise his brave, joyous nature. Still, young though he was, he left his mark, and the world was the richer for his having lived. So he was amongst the fortunate ones, Beloved of the Gods.

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

BRONTË MYSTERIES EXPLAINED.*

Mrs. Chadwick has written a book which no admirer of the Brontës can afford to ignore; rather, we might say, which no admirer of the Brontës will read without deriving the utmost enjoyment from it. She has spent enormous pains and trouble in amassing her facts. Sometimes, indeed, we could wish she had spent less, when she dives into byways which have no sort of interest for anyone but antiquarians. We could well spare the disquisition on the right of presentation to Haworth Church.

Though very often confusedly written, and not to be compared with Mrs. Gaskell's life as a piece of literature, her biography of the Haworth family is not unnaturally far more complete than the one written half a century before, and being more complete it is truer to fact. She proves up to the hilt the correctness of the modern view of Charlotte Brontë's feeling for M. Heger, a view which hardly required her powerful advocacy. But she does far more valuable work than this in providing us with a key to the mystery of Emily Brontë's life. Read without this clue many of Emily's poems seem to be mere mystical lyrics, while "Wuthering Heights" towers up above our heads as some Merlin-built castle, wonderful, having no visible foundations, an inexplicable work of genius. Read with this clue the poems become intelligible and gain immensely in beauty and humanity, and the novel is seen to have very solid foundations. We see, in fact, right into Emily Brontë's soul; her carefully suppressed and disguised feelings are laid open to our reverent view. Her character is shown to be far finer than was ever suspected; her self restraint almost puts Charlotte to an open shame.

* "In the Footsteps of the Brontës." By Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick. 16s. net. (Pitman.)

Photo by F. J. Stead. **Main Street, Haworth.**

Photo by Percival M. Chadwick. **Thornton Vicarage.**

Two of the illustrations from "In the Footsteps of the Brontës" (Pitman).

What then is this clue? Mrs. Chadwick believes that Emily found her ideal in M. Heger. "Who but M. Heger could have stood as the original of Heathcliffe? (in "Wuthering Heights.") A strong, powerful tyrant, with the pure and fierce love of a very god, albeit he had the mind of a little child." There is much more evidence, all very circumstantial. Emily knew of his passionate devotion to the memory of his first wife, just the characteristic that would appeal to her. She knew, too, of his admiration for her own intellectual gifts. He evidently, quite unconsciously, fascinated her sister, who was much of the same make of mind. Everything points to the fact that Emily shared this feeling.

As to Charlotte's feeling for the Brussels professor, there is no need now to labour the point, though Mrs. Chadwick has devoted much of her book to it. There can be no question that it was this and this only that determined Charlotte to return to Brussels after her journey home; this and this only, a passionate unrequited love, that made the two subsequent years so dark and dreary for her. The only evidence the other way is furnished by some very derogatory statements made in a letter to Ellen Hussey: "Sometimes he borrows the lineaments of an insane tom-cat, sometimes those of a delirious hyæna." But this is not altogether inconsistent with a passionate and unrequited love. In short one rises from this book with the conviction that Swinburne and Wemyss Reid were right, and Mr. Clement Shorter and Miss May Sinclair wrong in their interpretation of the Brussels episode. It was the turning point in her career, and not in her's only, but in Emily's as well, and the inspiration of their best work. In "The Professor" Charlotte tried to disguise her sentiments, to deal with her Brussels experience artificially from without, and the result was a novel that fell hopelessly flat. In "Jane Eyre" and "Villette" she wrote autobiographically, not artificially, from within, not from without, and the result was the very reverse.

Mrs. Gaskell ascribes "the great internal struggle" in Charlotte's breast, which left her "panting, torn and suffering," to the rival claims of Germany and home, which is obviously absurd. But it is possible that, knowing better, she wished to shield Charlotte from a too censorious world.

The author is continually running atilt against Mrs. Gaskell, often quite unfairly. If the latter painted Cowan Bridge School in dark colours, she also gave the favourable testimony of "Miss Temple's" husband. Again the author says: "Mrs. Gaskell conveys the impression that both (Maria and Elizabeth) died of typhoid fever as the result of the unhealthiness of the school." What Mrs. Gaskell did write was: "None of the Brontës had the fever." Several instances of this unfairness may be noted, but this and a tendency to diffuseness are the only blots on a piece of work remarkable for its thoroughness and acuteness.

W. A. F.

THE COCKNEY AT HOME.*

There is a curious misconception abroad that though the town-bred author cannot write with knowledge of country scenes and characters, the country-bred author can come and spend a holiday in London and write of the Cockney and his city with the most complete understanding of both. Only the other day I met with an intelligent provincial writer who said he had been two months in London going about the streets trying to hear some of the Cockney wit he had heard so much of; he had talked to cabmen, costermongers and others, hoping to lure them into saying something smart or funny, but not one of them had obliged him, so he had come to the conclusion that the wit of the Cockney was a baseless tradition, and was hard at work writing articles to that effect. But the wit of the Cockney is not of the artificial kind that is always on tap and can be extracted from him by anybody who chooses to insert the spigot. Its virtue lies in its spontaneity. He can no more produce it on demand than a poet can write great poetry to order. He is no genius, scintillating from morning till night and dropping out pearls every time he opens his mouth. He talks as much nonsense and says as many commonplace things as the rest of us, but when the mood catches him and the occasion serves he can be as shrewd, as droll, as witty as any novelist has made him.

Photo by Sherril Schell. **Mr. Edwin Pugh.**

Those who do not know this simply do not know him, but that does not prevent them from writing about him and taking away his character. Moreover, they write of him as if he inevitably belonged to the lower classes, whereas, of course, there are quite aristocratic Cockneys; there are some who are well-to-do tradesmen, some who serve as Sheriffs and Lord Mayors of their native city and acquire knighthoods and other distinctions. But it must be admitted that when the Cockney rises above a certain level he loses his native wit and humour and becomes as dull and ordinary as too-prosperous people usually are. Mr. Edwin Pugh knows this; he is a Cockney himself and knows the Cockney as intimately as any man living; therefore, when he pictures him at home he chooses his examples from among the poorer, lower, less conventionally respectable sections. There are average Cockneys in his gallery, but he has gathered into it, too, quaint, out-of-the-way specimens, oddities, eccentric, whimsical Cockneys, as true to life as the commoner sort, but not to be picked up so easily except by a man who really knows his London and the haunts of its queerer children. Everybody has some acquaintance with the Quack, the Cheap Jack, the Barber, the Waits, but what do you know of the Peculiarian, the Screever, the Chanter, or the Griddler? Mr. Pugh sketches these and many other rare or familiar Cockney characters, touching in some incident or story that reveals them in their everyday ways and habits of life and speech with a swift and vivid realism. He gives you the Cockney character in a great variety of phases; you see the roguery, the adaptability, the cunning, the cheerfulness, the wit, the humour, the kindliness, the impertinence, the folly, and philosophy of the humbler men and women of the city in a series of lively, sparkling dialogues that allow them to reveal themselves in their own expressive idiom—a series that ranges from broad farce through the lightest of light comedy, to amusingly realistic stories, such as "The Honeymoon" and "The Perfect Lover," to domestic scenes, such as "Bath Night," and the mingled humour and pathos of such tales as "Strained

* "The Cockney at Home." By Edwin Pugh. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

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The appearance of a first novel is all very well in its way, but in this age of ubiquitous authors the event lacks novelty. The appearance of a fiftieth novel is another matter, and if you would like to know what an author feels like on this auspicious occasion you cannot do better than read the cheering prefatory note to Mr. Burgin's new story, "Within the Gates." For Mr. Burgin has scored a strenuous fifty, not out, in capital style, and in his industrious innings he has achieved more than one popular "hit." That his capacity for spinning genial romances remains undiminished is amply evidenced by the present novel, which has for its centre of interest a mysterious Trappist monastery in remote Canada. Into this haven of secluded fanaticism venture two pilgrims. One of these, Hilary Cartaret, is a famous novelist, who is bored with life and its cheap successes, bored to the point of contemplating suicide. Lettice Arundel, the other pilgrim, is an attractively unconventional girl, whose desire to save the novelist from his meaner self and to inspire him to do his best work has led her to disguise herself as a man and pilot Hilary into the strange monastery at Mahota. The place is familiar to Hilary, for his most famous book was written round it from information supplied by a runaway monk—a remarkable character who, with his enormous yellow hound, figures in the most dramatic incidents of the story. Here is a description of the man as he appears when Hilary discovers him in charge of an old ramshackle buggy: "His skin was of the red-brown hue of his shirt and trousers. A shapeless straw hat sheltered his head from the hot sun. Shoes and stockings had he none, and the toes of his feet were like knotted fingers clinging to the dusty road. Unkempt wisps of grey hair struggled down beneath the hat-brim and framed the sides of his face. He was old, thin, care-worn, in his eyes there lurked a brooding shadow. When he pointed with twisted fingers to his lips and spread out his hands before them in abject humility," they realised that he was dumb. Among the notable features of the novel is the description of the village of Ste. Jacqueline and its worthies. The second half of the story, with its realistic Canadian life and colour, is by far the better half, and once within sight of Mahota, the plot begins to gather strength and mystery, and the situations develop with tense rapidity.

THE DECOY. By the Countess of Cromartie. With frontispiece in colour by H. J. Ford. 3s. 6d. (Erskine Macdonald.)

There is the fragrance of incense, the mysticism of the East, about the Countess of Cromartie's latest novel, "The Decoy." Its hero is the head of a gang of Phœnician slavers, "who were in nowise averse to kidnapping even the children of their own race." He is a handsome, heartless man, "frankly evil in the ancient sense, as only a Moloch-worshipping Phœnician of Carthage could be." Suddenly, into his life comes a strong, irresistible love for a beautiful slave-child in the possession of his supposed father. He barters for the child, and buys her, sending her to the slave college at Tyre. This love, which later she reciprocates, brings out all that is fine in his nature, and suppresses the evil that has ruled his life hitherto. It is a strangely fascinating story, told briefly, yet with remarkable strength and power. Its characters and incidents are boldly outlined. Phœnician customs, their strange code of honour, their unchivalrous treatment of women, and most of all the sacred bond of friendship existing among the men—these details will be found interesting in themselves, apart from the main plot, which teems with dramatic episodes.

The Bookman's Table.

THE PLAYS OF STRINDBERG. III. LUCY PEHR. Authorised Translation by V. S. Howard. 3s. 6d. net. (Frank Palmer.)

This, the third volume in Mr. Frank Palmer's collected edition of Strindberg's plays, consists of but one play—the allegorical "Lucy Pehr." Little in the way of ordinary criticism can be said of a work of such a fantastic and whimsical nature, its very incoherence and lack of finish being, may be, part of its intention, but one can, at any rate, point out the meaning which seems to underlie its curious and outlandish eccentricity. And the meaning is this, that complete egoism is always a failure, and that to possess everything the heart desires save love and conscience turns to dust and ashes in the mouth. "Lucy Pehr" learns this lesson at last, but not before undergoing a remarkable variety of experience, and tasting all the bitterness of barren success. There are probably devotees of Strindberg who will read a whole subtle philosophy into a play like this, but to the ordinary person it will simply appear like a rather poetical and very far-fetched allegory. Perhaps it owes something to Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," but it possesses neither the depth, completeness, nor imagination of the Norwegian's work. It shows, indeed, that sense of hurry which marks so much of Strindberg's achievements and which always irritates the critic. It would be interesting to hear a Swede's opinion of it as a work of art, for in its English dress it is decidedly amateurish.

DEMOCRACY IN NEW ZEALAND. By André Siegfried. Translated from the French by E. V. Burns, 6s. net. (Bell.)

As it is now ten years since M. Siegfried's book was first published, it cannot be of much use to the student who is seeking mere current facts and figures. The real value of the book, as pointed out by Mr. W. D. Stewart, who contributes a very interesting preface, is its "profound insight into the spirit and character of New Zealand democracy," and, after all, the spirit and character of a people are of much more consequence than tables of statistics. The scope of the book is tremendous. Geographical conditions—their influence on the evolution of New Zealand; political conditions—the constitution of the different parties, and their effect upon legislation; and the society and social life of the islands are fully considered. The practical outlook of the people is insisted upon, but it is pointed out that the "practical" steps may not always lead to the best results. The "practical" man will not be the best

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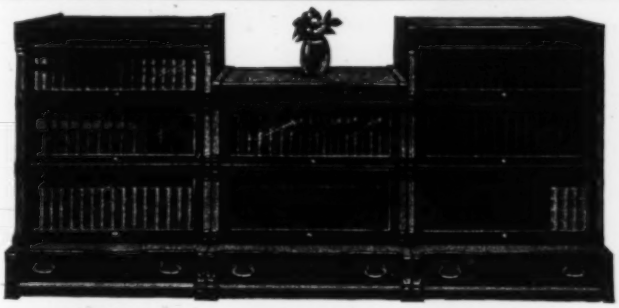

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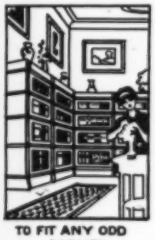

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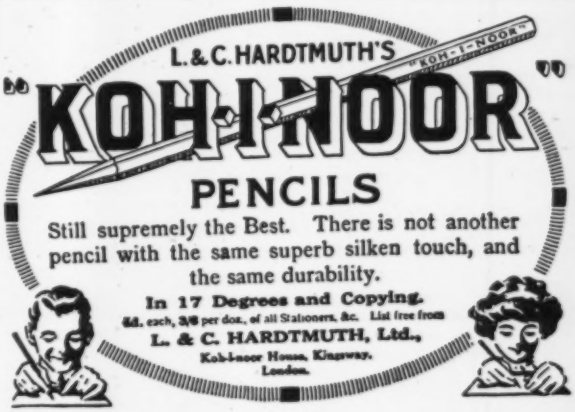

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man to deal with social and industrial problems if he is devoid of all political theory, and scorns to make any serious study of economics. "What the New Zealanders most need, in fact, is principle, convictions, and seasoned beliefs." The last section of the book deals with New Zealand's attitude to the outside world. We are told why federation with Australia is regarded as undesirable, and of the country's complete and childlike confidence in the greatness and wisdom of England. Summing up the New Zealander's argument against federation, M. Siegfried writes: "New Zealand is autonomous, her own mistress; she can only diminish her liberty and her prestige by entering into a federation in which she will always play but a secondary rôle."

THE TIME SPIRIT. By R. Dimsdale Stocker. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

This arresting survey of spiritual tendencies is a remarkably lucid contribution to the thought of to-day. The author defines the "Time spirit" as the "imperative, if vague, urging towards those aims, objects, and ideals of life which have proved the basis for religion," and his purpose is to elucidate certain aspects of these problems and to furnish the material for a more constructive mode of thought than that now prevalent. Divided into three parts, the first chapters of the book deal with the religious basis, the eternal element in religion, and the principles of re-construction. In nothing does Mr. Stocker display greater insight and more sympathetic understanding than in writing of the problem of the decline in the membership of religious bodies, a decline as much due to "indifference" as to "scepticism." To live men must have a religion, but there is a revolt against gravity, gloom, and mammon-worship. Equally attractive is his handling of the psychological aspects. On the ethical and social side he discusses fully and ably conscience, its source and utility, society and the individual, the spirit of social change, and the cult of the super-mortal. Mr. Stocker's influence will linger long after his book is closed. He bids us not "to be good *to* people," but to *do good with* them, to realise that the service of man, of all men, is the sovereign end of life.

THE ROADSIDE FIRE. By Amelia Josephine Burr. 4s. net. (New York: George Doran Company.)

Technical perfection in poetry is a good thing, but it is not the best thing. A fine thought, intensity of emotion, beauty of fancy, may survive a faulty utterance, but technical perfection that hides a poverty of thought, an absence of real feeling, will not give any poem a long life with us. We tell each other that nobody reads poetry now, but it is not true. Whoever writes real poetry that appeals to what is human, not merely to what is scholastic in us, is sure of a sufficient audience. Readers of the American magazines have latterly grown familiar with the poems of Miss Amelia Josephine Burr; last year Miss Burr won a first prize in THE BOOKMAN Twenty-one Guineas Prize Poem Competition with a strikingly beautiful lyric that was excellent in form, but not a matter of form only; it was aflame with emotion and passion, as such a lyric should be. In this collection of her poems that has just been published she writes on divers themes in divers keys, but she is always at her best when she is nearest to the common experiences of ordinary humanity—love and death, sorrow and joy, hope and failure—and she touches the old themes with a charm and tenderness and freshness that are her own and make them new, as in this.

YOUTH AND LIFE. By Randolph S. Bourne. 6s. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Bourne is an ardent apostle of youth, and it is a great faith that he teaches, a faith he believes we need to-day, all of us—a truly religious belief in human progress, a thorough social consciousness, an eager delight in every sign and promise of social improvement, and best of all, a new spirit of courage that will dare. He wants to give to the young men whom he sees—who, with fine intellect and high principles, lack just that light of the future on their faces that would give them a purpose and meaning in life—to them he wants to give some touch of this philosophy, that will energise their lives, and save them from the disheartening effects of that poisonous counsel of timidity and distrust of human ideals which pours out in steady stream from reactionary press and pulpit. The fifteen essays comprising this book go to prove, that "our widening experience has shifted the centre of gravity too far from man's soul. A cultivation of the powers of one's own personality is one of the greatest needs of life, too little realised even in these assertive days, and the exercise of the personality makes for its most durable satisfactions." Delicate, whimsical, ironic, and wholly delightful, "Youth and Life" is a volume to read and to recommend.

Notes on New Books.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

The troublous times of the seventeenth century are always full of rich, inexhaustible material for tales of romance and adventure, and Miss Helen H. Watson, skilfully weaving together fact and fiction has in **When the King Came South** (2s. 6d.), worked out a tale steeped in the atmosphere of the Cromwellian period. It is told by a cavalier maiden, Molly Fleming, who has been adopted by the vicar of Warton and is playmate and companion to Cicely Bindloss, the little lady of Borwick Hall. Before her childhood's days are over, the vicar's son has realised a great love for her, but their opposing political views hold them apart; Dick becomes a rebel and joins Cromwell's troops, for conscience' sake, while Molly remains among those who support the monarchy. By strange happenings and the daring of Molly who, disguised as a boy, risks her life to keep a promise to Cicely and convey a message to Cicely's lover, the two are accidentally brought together; and after a long separation Dick finds Molly a prisoner of war at Worcester. The joys and fears of love mingled with the horrors of strife and bloodshed lend the book many exciting incidents, and Molly herself is so honourable and courageous and so wholly lovable it is little wonder Dick's love for her stands the test of years. The old-world language of the story adds greatly to its charm and realism.

MESSRS. W. HEFFER & SONS.

Dr. John Venn, the President of Caius, has reprinted in **Early Collegiate Life** (5s. net) a number of articles which he has contributed to the college magazine, *The Caian*, while other chapters were originally delivered as addresses or speeches in the college chapel or hall. Under such circumstances it is natural that the life dealt with is almost entirely that of Caius College; but the value of the book is in no way impaired by this, for, as the author points out, "it should be clearly understood that the social distinctions and pretensions which to some extent prevail at present as between one college and another had very little significance in early days. . . . On the whole, the several colleges may be considered to have been doing similar work, and doing it with similar efficiency, throughout the period in question." One can get a great deal of amusement from these selections from old college records, as well as edification, and the chapters on Pre-Reformation college life and the early undergraduate are especially noteworthy in this respect. The letters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries herein included are also something more than interesting, while the author's own reminiscences in the last chapter, entitled "Sixty Years Ago," are one of the most attractive portions of the book.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

The Relations, by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds (6s.), is a new edition of a very successful series of interesting and thrilling short stories. Nine relations who have never met before are invited to the house of the tenth member of the family, a wealthy old gentleman, and whilst awaiting his delayed return from New York they entertain each other by telling tales round the fire. Thus, with a good connecting link and a pleasing and amusing interlude between each of the stories, Mrs. Baillie Reynolds catches the reader's attention and stimulates his excitement through the ten tales that form the book. Perhaps the author is at her best when she deals with the supernatural; her ghost stories are cunningly convincing. "The Man With No Face" is as gruesome and as surprising as the title leads one to expect, while the second story, "The House That Was Rent Free," tells, with great skill, of a pathetic little child-spirit haunting the scene of his untimely death. But they do not all deal with ghosts; the stories are attractively varied in subject and style, the characters of the relations themselves lending colour to the adventures they relate.